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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI. No. 825. SATURDAY. MARCH 25. 1922. TWOPENCE.

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1/- for 20
B. Morris & Sons Ltd., London E.

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By The RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP of BIRMINGHAM

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JOHN BULL

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Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 825. Week ending Saturday, March 25th, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day*]

Why the Prime Minister Hesitates.

Whilst the Party Press is working itself into a frenzy over the intentions of the Prime Minister, it may be as well to remind it that that "astute and eccentric genius" is not yet quite decided—he may be before these lines are read—whether resignation or dissolution is the more desirable—from the point of view, of course, of giving the country an object lesson in his own indispensability!

Good News.

It is good news that the Prince of Wales has left India. He ought never to have been allowed to go there. His mission was Mr. Montagu's biggest blunder. Good luck to His Royal Highness in Japan!

After Ireland.

The establishment of the Irish Free State has been quickly followed by the proclamation of Egypt as a sovereign kingdom. We hope they won't hear about it in India.

Alter It!

The Home Secretary, Mr. Shortt, tells us that there is no law to stop propaganda, however harmful to the country—and even if financed by foreign nations. May we venture to inquire, with the utmost respect, for what purpose the House of Commons exists?

Official Candour.

We observe that Lieut.-Col. Leslie Wilson is still officially described as one of the Joint "Patronage" Secretaries. Does the phrase connote an intellectual and moral superiority over the other members of the House, or can it by chance have anything to do with the bestowal of titles, honours, and offices among the Party hacks?

An Industrial Tragedy.

It is nothing short of a national tragedy that, just as the country was beginning to recover from the industrial depression, thousands upon thousands of men should be thrown out of work, and all sorts of trades dislocated, by this Engineers' dispute. Whatever the merits, both sides should be made to carry on—pending a decision enforceable by the Government.

What About the King?

According to Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George recently informed him that if he thought the national interests would be better served by the Unionist Party, he was prepared to retire in their favour. We always thought that it was His Majesty who sent for a prospective new Premier—although, of course, we do remember that famous headline: "Political Crisis; Lord Northcliffe sends for the King"!

"Barbarous Instruments."

It is unbelievable that Judge Atherley Jones would have gone out of his way to condemn the use of the new form of handcuffs recently adopted by the London police if they had been so free from objection as the Home Secretary now tells us they are. And, frankly, we do not believe it.

A Shocking Inexactitude.

We should like to know upon whose information Sir Alfred Mond recently stated that the demand for houses no longer existed in an acute form. A more ill-advised utterance can hardly be imagined. The Prime Minister should persuade his colleague to issue a new Muzzling Order and apply it to himself.

ONE-WEEK

£300

FOR TEN

MUST BE WON.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

"Charity Begins——"

Whilst we are full of sympathy for the starving Russian children, we cannot close our eyes to the piteous plight of hundreds of thousands of hungry little ones at home, the victims of the present unemployment throughout the land. Let the Bolshies suspend their donations to anti-British propaganda and buy some food for their own kiddies.

Curing the Cripples.

Perhaps the most pitiable of our own youngsters are the little cripples on whose behalf, as our readers may remember, we have been making a special effort. In a very great number of cases substantial help has been given, and the letters of heartfelt thanks we have received from many of the parents are our more than sufficient reward.

"Coercion."

This was a very familiar word during the old Irish debates—especially when Mr. Balfour was Chief Secretary, with his "twenty years of resolute government." But surely the doctrine that a wife is free to commit almost every crime in the calendar—in conjunction with her husband—because she is under his coercion, is to-day out of date.

A Legal Fiction.

By the way, Lord Ullswater reminds us that the legal doctrine of coercion is "based on the assumption that a wife will not dare to contradict her husband." If so, it has had no rational basis within our memory.

Our Leading Article.

This week we are sitting, as it were, at the feet of our good friend Dr. Russell Wakefield, the Bishop of Birmingham, who in a kindly vein writes us an inspiring homily upon the potentialities of JOHN BULL in these times of stern perplexity. We are greatly indebted to the Bishop for his courtesy, and shall endeavour to live up to the spirit of his eloquent appeal.

Wakeford's Petition.

The work of assembling the signatures to the Wakeford Petition will take some little time, though there will be no avoidable delay in forwarding the huge document to the proper quarter. We are asked by the ex-Archdeacon to express his gratitude to all who in one way or another contributed to this wonderful demonstration of popular sympathy. A dramatic climax to this extraordinary affair is already foreseen.

The Crime Wave.

Concerning the harvest of murders we discuss on another page, wouldn't it be as well to have an expert in criminology attached to the Police Force?

A Loss to Sport.

Poor Lord Manton did not live long to wear the coronet bestowed upon him with the last New Year's Honours. We could ill spare so good a sportsman, and one of the straightest and most respected patrons of the Turf.

A Square Deal.

It was Charles Dickens who first agitated for the protection of British authors against the "piracy" of their work in the United States, and the news of the belated adoption across the Atlantic of a suitable Copyright Act will gladden the hearts of his successors in the craft of fiction. If our American friends want anything in exchange for this concession they can have Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson back.

A Strange Confession.

With a candour rare in what is called religious journalism, the *Presbyterian Messenger* attributes the present unrest in China to "the breaking down of the sanctions of Confucian morality under pressure of the contact with the West." What do our Missionary Societies think of this?

The Cheat's Charter.

It is refreshing to find even dry Chancery Judges condemning the law, as recently settled by the House of Lords, to the effect that a man who pays a wagering debt by cheque may recover his money any time within six years. Cannot the Lord Chancellor, who gave his judgment with such reluctance, introduce a one-clause Bill repealing the antiquated Statute on which it was based?

The Expensive Public Trustee.

Mr. Justice McCardie's criticism of expensive administration by the Public Trustee should lead to an official Inquiry into the management of this Department. There is no doubt that the high fees it charges do inflict a grave injury on those it is supposed to benefit, and have led to a serious reduction in business.

A Modern Lotus-Land.

We commented recently on the position in Bradford, where the rate of unemployed relief is nearly twice as high as in London, and yet further demands are made on the struggling ratepayers for all sorts of grants of public money. Now Mr. Dale Shaw, Chairman of Woolcombers, Limited, states that enormous business has been transferred to Belgium and Germany because the operatives will not work a few hours over-time. With a little more sun, Bradford would be a fair imitation of the fabled Land of the Lotus!

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Good Service No Extenuation.

James Amos Bailey, of Barn Road, Norwich, is a brute whose earning of a decoration for bravery on the field is inexplicable in the face of his past record for filthiness. Five times previously he has been convicted of indecent conduct, for which he served varying terms in gaol. Again proved guilty of an offence on March 3rd, the Bench agreed to treat him leniently—sentencing him to three months'—because of his war service! The last type of crime in which such a plea should prevail.

A Good Resolution.

Our many protests against the expedient adopted by British firms of having their circulars printed, addressed and posted in Germany are at last proving effective. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has recently passed a resolution condemning the practice as "unpatriotic and reprehensible." It would speedily cease if all similar organisations and the public in general brought pressure to bear on the P.M.G. and the Government immediately to reduce the preposterous postal rates.

Co-operators and Politics.

An increasing number of the 92,000 members of the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society are exercising their right to refuse to contribute to its political fund—particularly resenting the fact that the fund is allocated solely to the support of Socialist and Communist "Labour" candidates. Last year over £1,136 was taken out of the trading profits and devoted to the purposes of this one-sided fund. The rank-and-file of the Co-operators are growing tired of the game, and no wonder.

The "Schick" Scandal.

Though the Minister of Health last week warmly defended the action of the Medical Officer who inoculated 700 children at the Norwood schools of the Lambeth Guardians with the "Schick" diphtheria anti-toxin, we can find less excuse than ever for this doctor's amazing conduct. To our astonishment, we discover that not only did he not seek the sanction of the Ministry before applying the test, but even neglected to ask the permission of the Guardians. We are not surprised that they are indignant.

The Postman's Knock.

During his fifty years' Government service Mr. H. R. Withers, postman, of West Brompton, has given many a knock; now he has "got the knock" himself. Retired at 73, he is not entitled to a pension, because he was "never on the permanent staff." Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live; so much we know. But how long had he to be a postman before he is entitled to be considered a permanent one?

Trying It On.

Some of the claims brought in the War Compensation Court are truly amazing in their impudence. Last week Rankins and Blackmore, Ltd., marine engineers of Greenock, modestly demanded £51,000 for "the loss of profit incurred through the requisitioning of eight of their engine fitters by the Admiralty in 1915." As a matter of fact, most of the men were of military age, and the Company's profits had increased from under £7,000 in 1915, to £102,000 in 1919-20! We are glad to record that they didn't get it! Incidentally it would be very interesting to know what wages they paid these fitters, whom they described as "key men" in their industry.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR"

In the April "PICTURES" appears the full and complete story of the film version of the great play. In addition there are FIVE other complete film stories and a 4-PAGE KINEMA GUIDE FREE. Don't miss it!

One Shilling Monthly. PICTURES THE SCREEN MAGAZINE On Sale Monday, March 20.

A Churlish Curmudgeon.

At the village of Willoughby, Lincs., a football match was recently played. Many visitors came a-wheel, and propped their cycles against an outbuilding near the ground—only to find later that the machines had been chained together and padlocked by a village shopkeeper, who demanded a toll of 6d. each. Happily, a kindly resident paid up for them, under protest. The mercenary curmudgeon who profited is said to be a great supporter of football, but assuredly he is no sportsman!

Milk-O!

If the price of milk, which is still 9d. a quart in most districts, does not fall considerably next month there will be trouble. From all parts of the country dairy farmers are reporting that the "summer price" from April to September offered them, averages 7d. a gallon only, out of which they have to pay carriage, ranging from 1¾d. to 2¼d. a gallon. Sold to the consumer at fourpence a quart that milk would yield a handsome profit to middle-man and retailer; yet the lowest forecast of price for April is sixpence. Who are the profiteers?

A Good Move.

Sir Alfred Mond does not always make mistakes. To enquire into the Poplar Guardians' muddle, he chose Mr. H. I. Cooper, Clerk to the Bolton Guardians, and the Poplar squander-maniacs are very sore about the "insulting proposal." They had expected a nice easy going and incompetent official from the Department, into whose eyes enough dust might be thrown to make the inquiry useless. But with a man well up to his job, and knowing "what's what," the public may now get the pure truth, and that quickly.

Up River.

On several occasions during the last and previous boating seasons up river, complaints reached us of the exorbitant charges and truculent attitude of many Thames boatmen. Boat-hire charges now published indicate that they will be in a more reasonable state of mind during the forthcoming season—so that, given good weather, there is almost sure to be a bright and blooming river season—which is all to the good.

The Boot at Bolsover.

Bolsover Urban Council's treatment of Mr. H. J. Watson, their Clerk, is unceremoniously scurvy. Some members are suspect of being actuated by personal motives in their votes for the drastic reduction of his salary. It cannot be said that so responsible a public official is too well paid at a salary of a little over £200. Instead of consenting to carry on till after the local elections, the Clerk would have rightly served the Council had he left them at once.

Well Merited Punishment.

Allen Edward Brooks was at Warwick Assizes convicted of assaulting a single woman, the record of his brutishness including throwing her into a ditch and biting her! Previously he had attempted a criminal assault upon a young girl. While he serves his sentence of three years' penal servitude, women may walk in safety the locality he infested. The Judge wisely realised that while prolonged incarceration may not cure the criminal, it must obviously reduce the number of his victims.

Mild and Bitter.

Although the Allied Brewery Trades' Association, representing 2,000 firms employing a million people, have solemnly passed a resolution declaring it has "become imperative that the beer duty should be reduced to 50s. a barrel"—by half, that is—signs are wanting that the Government are in a hurry about it. The Board of Trade's Committee of Inquiry about beer prices are still sitting; but there are more ways of addling an egg than by sitting on it, and nobody knows what they are doing.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Barmouth's Bane.

Having succeeded in preventing the local public houses from remaining open after 9 p.m., the kill-joys in authority, who seem to be the bane of beautiful, breezy, and once bright Barmouth, are now trying to ban Sunday boating and motor excursions; and, as the Council at present lacks the necessary power, they are endeavouring to obtain it through the Board of Trade. If they succeed, Barmouth may say "good-bye" to prosperity, for assuredly holiday-makers will give the town a miss.

A "Nelson-Eye" Specialist.

While located at an hotel in Warwick, Frank Dickson, "Eye Specialist," 2, Green Street, Leicester Square, London, generously offered "free consultations"—to purchasers of eye-glasses for 30s. A woman in poor circumstances paid him 10s. on account of spectacles for her boy, and subsequently forwarded the balance of 20s. but has not received the glasses. Enquiries show that No. 2, Green Street is a small shop, which is "saving" three weeks' letters for Mr. Dickson. We advise him to hurry up.

Sinful Snores.

The Vicar of Mansfield is very wrath with his flock. When discussing Church History and the Prayer Book, he declares that his Men's Class indulge in yawns and snores. But doesn't the fault lie in the mouths of those whose disquisitions can produce only yawns and snores? Grown men demand live thought and not dead dogma?

A Pantomime Parasite.

Charles Evan Williams, a labourer of Pontefract, having managed to strike up an acquaintance with Jenny Wilson, an actress, looted her baggage of £5. Instead of the well-merited dose of imprisonment such low-down rascality should have received, the Scarborough Magistrate bound him over! Why not have rounded the job off neatly by fining the girl for having so much money and placing temptation in the way of rogues?

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Ancient and Modern.

Captain Bond, of the March Fire Brigade, advises the local Council to sell the fire-engine—as it would take £40-£50 to repair, and had not been used for 30 years! If they get anything for this antiquated ironmongery, the Council might mercifully spend it in finding accommodation for a man, his wife and four children, now living in a lean-to shed, previously a poultry house—because the Guardians refuse them rooms in the Institution.

Dis-"Grace and Co."

"Grace & Co., General Dealers and Importers," while apparently occupying one whole room (fourth floor) of 81, Wood Street, E.C., "office hours 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.," find business so slow that the one person known as the firm goes there only "occasionally." This may explain why a Londonderry laddie aged 9, who sent a patiently-saved 5s. 9d. for a toy, is still awaiting its arrival. We hope "Grace & Co." may have a kiddie of his own, and will be sporting enough to send the toy or the cash.

Black Cadgers.

The town of Seccondee, Gold Coast, appears to be the headquarters of a gang of cadgers, bright products of missionary education. Obtaining names and addresses by devious means, they write letters in which faulty grammar, hypocrisy and cupidity struggle for supremacy. They invariably suggest the interchange of photographs, and then demand a watch, or a fountain pen, or some such article, in return for which they undertake to forward native curiosities. We have never yet heard of a case in which this promise was fulfilled.

Pigeon Pogroms.

We have frequently protested against pigeon pogroms in this country and at such pleasure resorts as Monte Carlo. Pigeons are brought to the alleged "sportsground" in traps, released dazed and frightened, and then shot down on the wing—sometimes not killed outright, but cruelly wounded. It is a heartless "sport"; and to counteract it we are glad to note that an Association for the shooting of clay pigeons from traps is to be formed. This will provide real sport of highly-skilled character in place of the barbarities against which we protest.

Seeing Red.

It may be that the Duke of Marlborough owed to his social position a certain degree of his success in his contest with Mr. Jack Griffin, a railway signalman, for membership of the Oxfordshire County Council. But it is more than likely, in these democratic days, that the fear of "Poplarism" counted more than the ducal coronet—and Mr. Griffin could hardly be surprised if the voters were not green enough to ignore the "red" danger signal.

Faithful Unto Death.

Faithful unto death was Fan, a dog which had lived with John William Hall, tinsmith, of Oldham Road, Manchester, as his sole companion. Hall had been missing for several days. When the police entered the house they found the dog whining piteously and scratching at the man's bedroom door. Inside they found the poor fellow dead, with a revolver by his side, but as they proceeded to remove the body Fan attacked them, Inspector Trippler being bitten on the hand. The Inspector will think none the less of that kind of dog, let us hope. It is a dog worth having.

Don't Show This to Your Wife

or else she will straightway want to read "THE WIFE WHO CAN MANAGE HER MAN"—one of the many good things in this week's "EVERYWOMAN'S."

EVERYWOMAN'S

Now on Sale—2d.

Paying for their Keep.

Three railway cardsharpers, James Galvin, Charles Jenkin, and George Mellons, have probably had the surprise of their lives. They took out season tickets between Manchester and Chester with the sole object of fleecing passengers. When people go to gaol they are usually entertained at His Majesty's expense. Adequate money being found in their pockets, this precious trinity will, however, have to pay for their keep for three months, two months, and one month respectively.

Starving Horses.

A man who buys old horses for re-sale to knackers and deliberately starves them to death to avoid the expense of their food, is deserving, to our mind, of something with boiling oil in it. This callous brutality was proved against James Gardiner, a Perth broker—and he got off with a penalty of £15. Simultaneously, Charles and Arthur Franklin, Reading fishmongers, were fined £10 each for similar cruelty to a pony. A dose of hard labour would do such brutes as these more good.

Ratters or Rotters?

The Oxford undergraduates chose a most unconvincing method of displaying their lively sense of humour when they released large numbers of rats in the streets and bludgeoned them to death with hockey sticks. The extermination of rats is an excellent idea, but there are less brutal and brutalising ways of setting about it. Further, to follow up this senseless slaughter by flinging the mangled and probably verminous remains of the rodents into restaurants seems to us a strange way of showing good breeding. Boys will be boys, but they need not be beastly.

An Unserviceable "Service."

Heads of firms may ignore their own special knowledge and capacity, and entrust to outsiders or humble employees the composition of letters "selling" their goods. H. Jack Russell, "Principal of the H. Jack Sales Service," Melbourne Grove, S.E. 22, says they do, and will train all and sundry who "enrol promptly with remittance straight away." As he uses two closely packed pages, over 1,000 words, to sell his own commodity, there may be one opening available for a smart pupil—to write the "sales-letters" for the "H. Jack Service"!

Barnstaple's Bog Road.

Western cyclists well know the abominable condition of the road by Higher Wicke to Barnstaple main road. Mr. J. F. Wreford, of Barnstaple, in a caustic letter to the local District Council, suggests that some member should be deputed to ride a bicycle over the road in order to be able to report to the Council in language suitable to the occasion. The Rev. John Dene thereupon suggested that the Chairman should venture the mount. What about the rev. gentleman himself? He may not be able to swear; but on his return to the Council members would know his views without a word, because his silence would be profane.

Much Ado.

May a constable exercise discretion or common sense—if any? David Tattersall, a Burnley taxi-driver, while "working a wedding," was summoned because some hilarious spirits had quietly tied some bunting, which hid the number, on the back of the car while the driver was attending to business at the front. Law and Order would not have been overthrown for ever by a quiet hint from the officer instead of a prosecution. The Magistrate, by dismissing the case, evidently took the sensible view that Justice should be concerned with serious offences and not with accidental trivialities of this harmless kind.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Who Wrote It?

The Ministry of Health are puzzled to know who was the writer of a letter purporting to have emanated from "John Thomas" (a Bedwellty Guardian) alleging that during elections some of the Relieving Officers of the district abuse their position when distributing allowances by urging the recipients to vote for certain candidates. It is only fair to the Bedwellty Relieving Officers to say that Mr. John Thomas has denied that he ever wrote any such letter to the Ministry, though it is to be regretted that he was not present at the last meeting of the Guardians to answer questions on the subject. What we want to know is whether there are any grounds for the charge.

Our "Big Five."

Rare and refreshing—and a good deal more reliable than the promises of politicians—is the fruit of a little thought and ingenuity exercised in the construction of "Bullets." No other competition offers such magnificent opportunities of reward as five prizes of £250 each, besides so many others of smaller amount. There is still time to participate in this delectable banquet.

A SECOND JACK THE RIPPER!

STARTLING NEW THEORY WHICH SCOTLAND YARD SHOULD TAKE STEPS TO TEST.

IT is as plain as anything can be that the terrible murder mania which is sweeping the country has defeated the resources of Scotland Yard and bankrupted the ingenuity of the police. Apart altogether from the case of Lady White, which is under investigation and therefore outside the scope of comment, there has been a terrible array of capital outrages against women. Let us briefly consider the salient features of the recent murder campaign.

Striking Parallels.

In outline our theory of recent tragedies is already familiar to readers of John Bull, though not perhaps to all sections of the public. In our issue of January 7th, when the popular mind was deeply stirred over the "Bournemouth Mystery," in which a young nurse was decoyed from London to her death at that resort, we published these words:—

> A Doctor friend tells us that the murderer of Miss Irene Wilkins was probably suffering from a well-known form of sexual paranoia, in which case it is likely that if still at large he will attempt to repeat the crime within the next few weeks, possibly with the aid of a decoy telegram or letter. We pass on the warning.

This was printed within a few days of the Bournemouth murder, while the public were still reading how an unknown man had wired for poor Irene Wilkins, had got her to go in his motor-car, and had then, for no reason, killed her by raining upon her savage, ferocious blows. So far as we know, the warning went unheeded by the authorities. At all events, they did nothing to investigate the theory that we then suggested, and we shall be agreeably surprised if—unless the police adopt our theory or at least furnish themselves with some working principle in regard to murders like these—there is no further repetition of the Bournemouth felony. We are not basing our thesis upon an isolated crime. Memory recalls a large number of cases in which women have been done to death in a similarly motiveless manner, and we must not allow the sensational circumstances attending the death of a lady of title to delete from our minds this sinister catalogue of unsolved mysteries. For instance, on July 27th, 1921, Miss Lawn was found dead—with many wounds in her head and a quantity of money untouched—on premises at King Street, Cambridge. Her assailant has never been discovered. Let us see what there is in common between the crimes. Robbery is not the motive. That is clear. There was the case of Nurse Shore, murdered in a Hastings train, and none but the cheapest trinkets missing from her body. In the case of Irene Wilkins, the methods pursued were not those of the professional thief, who is out to rob, and, incidentally, as it were, takes life to fulfil his object. Nor was there any indication of an attempt at sexual outrage. The desire in the three cases was the same—to kill; to kill a woman! In all of them the method employed was the same—terrible and dreadful blows that literally battered the helpless victim to death. Now, this is eminently symptomatic of the paranoiac. If his first crime is committed by strangling, by strangling he kills his second, third and fourth victim. If by stabbing, the same rule applies. The paranoiac is filled with an insane obsession that dominates all his life and controls the whole of his actions. He perpetually imagines himself repeating his insane deed. Frequently his hate is directed against women—not one particular woman or kind of woman, but the whole sex. It does not follow that he desires sexual gratification; rape or outrage he does not attempt. His desire is to kill—to kill a woman, any woman—in revenge for some fancied injury one of the sex has done him.

Insanity of the Fixed Idea.

In the case of Irene Wilkins wires were received by *several* women to come to Bournemouth. Why? Not because their writer desired to make any particular woman his victim—merely because he wished to ensnare and murder a woman. At Bournemouth, it is admitted there was no question of robbery, no attempt at outrage. There was the insane desire of the paranoiac to kill, to take life—and the same method of doing it by cruel and ruthless blows that, falling on the victim's body, left her helpless, soon a lifeless corpse. The same method was used to kill Miss Lawn. It may be used yet upon some further victim of the criminal, if he is still at large. Only in those few dreadful moments does the paranoiac experience any happiness, if we can call his hideous ecstasy by that name. All the rest of the time, medical writers tell us, he is straining towards the repetition of the act. It is along special lines, we are confident, that the police must look for the author of these insane deeds. It is useless to search and surmise after motives. The case of Lady White stands in a catalogue of its own, and does not affect our argument. There was no sane motive for the murder of Irene Wilkins by a man who did not even know her. No woman is safe while this maniac is at large, because *every* woman to his diseased mind is his enemy—his prey. What then can be done, since ordinary methods are ineffective?

What Should Be Done?

In the case of the Bournemouth crime, matters were complicated by the obstinate refusal of the local police to call in Scotland Yard. Every case of murder—no matter where it occurs—should be enquired into by the best detectives in the country's service. They and their superiors should at once test our theory and invite the opinion of leading alienists upon it. If, as we are confident, our theory is adopted, they should at once conduct a search throughout the country, with a view to discovering the whereabouts of all men discharged, say, during the past six months from private asylums, suffering from sexual aberrations. We say private asylums advisedly—for that the murderer is a man of means is obvious. Hence his ability to command motor-cars and other costly aids to crime. Should that fail the police will even so have little difficulty in trapping the monster—for no murderer is easier to catch than the paranoiac. The fact that many of the murder-maniac's victims are women of humble circumstances should not make us less eager to track down the criminal. In effect, though not in physical method, the author of these crimes may be a second Jack the Ripper. This mad slaughtering of women should nerve the authorities to relentless effort till the assassin is finally and safely laid by the heels. Perhaps some day the highest police authorities will discard their present rule-of-thumb methods and begin to study criminology as a science. We have already pointed out that, according to the latest statistics, there must be nearly a hundred murderers at large in this country, some of them of the most vicious type. This is the challenge which Scotland Yard must meet.

BEASTS OF THE BUILDING YARD.

BOUND OVER FOR AN UNSPEAKABLE OFFENCE!

The exact nature of the crime with which Thomas Beckett, a builder's yard foreman, and John Lewis, a labourer, were charged at the Stoke-on-Trent Quarter Sessions is unmentionable in print, but it was of a sufficiently revolting character to cause the Recorder (the Honourable Reginald William Coventry, K.C.) to remark that any lady juror who desired not to serve would be excused, but, of course, if any lady's desire to serve prevailed over her ideas of decency, she was entitled to serve. The result is a strange reflection on the mentality of the male jurors who remained, and, indeed, of the Recorder. Both prisoners gave false addresses when arrested, and one of them offered a bribe of £20 to avoid the charge, while the other tried to escape from custody. The jury found both guilty, but strongly recommended them to mercy on account of their previous good character. And the Recorder, after delivering a homily on the heinousness of their offence, bound them over! One almost wishes the women had remained.

BLUSHING AND COOL CHEEK.

TIMIDITY SPECIALIST WITH A STRONG NERVE.

E. Dean, of All Saints' Road, St. Annes-on-Sea, is well qualified to give instruction in the cure of nervousness, shyness, blushing and timidity. He advertises a wonderful system, which he declares to be the only cure, and guarantees to refund the money paid for it if it fails to prove effective in seven days. A reader who sent twenty-five shillings found the cure to consist of a tiny box containing a few pellets—which might have been made of breadcrumbs for all the good they did him—and a long typewritten rigmarole of exercises, such as staring at your own reflection in a looking-glass for ten minutes. When he wrote to Dean for the return of his hard-earned money he received a cool request for yet a further guinea for some extra strong pills which would cure him without the aid of a mirror. Repeated applications were met with a repetition of this request, and he may well continue on these lines until in due course he becomes an angel and goes to a world where blushing is unknown and hard cash has no value.

THE "UNJUST STEWARD."

MONSTROUS RECORD OF DOUBLE BETRAYAL.

William John Davies, of Gwann-cae-Gurwen, South Wales, combines in his mean personality the various roles of "Steward"—*i.e.*, a servant—of the Constitutional Club, race-horse owner and a "man of property." A married man, with a wife and five children alive, he pestered Margaret Beaton, a dressmaker, until she yielded to him and became the mother of his child. An Affiliation Order of 10s. a week was always disobeyed, the girl being invariably compelled to parade her "shame" in Court to enforce payment. Then this man of many minds, his wife having died, coolly asks if Miss Beaton is still fond enough of him to marry him! In desperation—however much repugnance she may have felt—she accepted this opportunity of regularising her position and providing for her child. However, Davie, without a word or sign to her, married somebody else! A jury awarded the unfortunate girl £75 damages—and well might the Judge declare that this disgusting history "had begun in immorality, continued in impropriety, and concluded with perjury."

Don't spend a sleepless night—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

A SEVEN-HEADED SUPERMAN.

THE WILY METHODS OF A MASTER DODGER.

Some years ago we had occasion to expose a hydra-headed individual who, in the pursuit of his shady business, made use of at least seven aliases. For a time his activities appeared to languish, but of late we have received so many complaints concerning him that it may be as well to recapitulate his record and describe some of his more recent methods of operation. The real name of this sevenfold superman may or may not be William Ernest Trelawney Irving—he appears to be known as Irving to his old schoolfellows. In 1902, under the name of A. Harrison Ford, he founded a mysterious organisation called "The Turf Register"—designed, according to him, "to cleanse the turf of its abuses." At a later date "The Turf Register" absorbed "The Turf Registry and Enquiry Bureau," "The Turf Accountants' Association," and "The Turf Protection Society," whatever they may have been. More recently it blossomed anew as "The National Turf Protection Society."

BOX AND COX.

So far as we have been able to discover, the only person to whom the N.T.P.S. affords protection is Harrison Ford himself. For just as William Ernest Trelawney Irving is Harrison Ford, Secretary of the N.T.P.S., 23, Pembridge Square, London, W., so Harrison Ford is a bookmaker under a number of aliases, notably F. M. Grant, of 74, Elgin Crescent, London, W. Should anyone apply to the Secretary of the N.T.P.S. for the name of a trustworthy bookmaker, who more likely to be suggested than F. M. Grant, or one of the many other aliases of Harrison Ford? And if another backer found that F. M. Grant defaulted, who would be more anxious to have the handling of the case than the Secretary of the N.T.P.S.? It is so simple. Grant's address at 74, Elgin Crescent is an unfurnished basement flat, at which letters are delivered by the postman and collected by one of the emissaries of Ford. The telephone—Park 3399—which appears on Grant's notepaper, is installed not at 74, Elgin Crescent, but at 23, Pembridge Square, the address of the N.T.P.S., and wires addressed to "Unaware, Phone, London," which is supposed to be Grant's telegraphic address, are telephoned to that number. By merely moving from one telephone to another Harrison Ford loses his identity and becomes F. M. Grant, and *vice versa*.

"HEADS I WIN—TAILS YOU LOSE!"

If a backer should default with F. M. Grant, the latter immediately reports the erring one to himself, and in the character of Harrison Ford pursues him with the utmost vigour, "the energetic collection of sums due" being one of the corner stones of the policy of the N.T.P.S. If, on the other hand, F. M. Grant—or any other bookmaker for that matter, whether an alias of Ford or not—should make default, the N.T.P.S. proceeds to secure recovery of the amount due. For instance, after pointing out to the disappointed backer that gaming debts are not really recoverable, they will assure him that *they* can find means of making the defaulter pay up, but they will require half the amount recovered in return for their services. If their efforts should prove unsuccessful, Harrison Ford is still at no loss, for he will present the claimant with a nice little bill of costs. Whether this elusive person is proud of his activities we know not, but he is obviously not eager to disclose his identity, for recently he paid a claim in the Marylebone County Court in order to avoid answering some very pertinent interrogations, the first of which was "What is your baptismal name?"

SLAVE-DRIVERS OF THE STRAND.

HOW BRITISH INDUSTRY WILL NOT BE EXTENDED.

Some time ago there appeared in certain morning papers an advertisement for a journalist to write short articles "for London papers." A JOHN BULL reader who replied received some days later a curious budget from Hogg and Knight, Ltd., 149, Strand, London, W.C. 2. This concern, who gave as their publications "Imperial Industrial Review," "Industrial Britain," "Piccadilly Illustrated Monthly," "International Engineering," and "Oil Power Engineering"—all of recent foundation—replied suggesting that he should write a specimen article. For the purpose of drafting this, there was enclosed a business memo. of a firm of motor dealers, and a tawdry typewritten slip, mentioning such things as that there was a turning-table in the garage near the door, lavatory accommodation, and so forth. Armed with these inspiring hints, the aspirant for journalistic fame and fortune set out to rack his brains for a "puff par" of a thousand words, and sent it off with a statement, as desired by Hogg and Knight, of terms for such articles. Hereabouts the London puff touts became rather dilatory. Ultimately, however, they wrote:—

> With reference to your recent application for the position of journalist. The Editor has carefully reviewed your specimen article and this meets with his approval. We therefore, if you agree to the following rates, propose sending you articles to write of roughly 1,000 words. Other articles would be forwarded to enable you to build up the article in question. For this work we offer you 4s. (four shillings) per article, and would be glad to hear that this is acceptable.

This impudent attempt at exploitation of journalistic labour met with the reception it deserved—and, accompanying a letter conveying a few home truths to these bright stars of the Strand, was enclosed an account for one and a half guineas for the specimen article for which Hogg and Knight had hitherto evinced no eagerness to pay. Again Hogg and Knight were in no hurry to reply. On this occasion, however, they found they had caught a snag. On February 24th they received an ultimatum that failing payment of the account by 1st March the whole matter would be handed over to the solicitors to the National Union of Journalists. On 27th February they caved in and sent a note stating that the account had been passed for payment, and on 3rd March they duly paid over. A concern which endeavours to conduct industrial journalistic enterprises on such lines, however, does not inspire confidence, and we imagine that there are few reputable British firms who would care to obtain publicity through the instrumentality of publishers who are disposed so scandalously to exploit labour.

OUR FREE FIRE INSURANCE.

READERS' APPRECIATION OF BENEFITS.

The value of our Free Fire Insurance scheme is best illustrated by two examples, taken at random from the benefits paid last week. In the first instance, Mr. Frank Cousins, of 28, Prospect Place, Llanhilleth, Mon., to whom a cheque for £190 was forwarded in respect of a serious fire, writes: "My position caused by the fire is of such a nature that had it not been for this graceful act of yours, my wife and eight little children would be faced with acute poverty, even worse than that which we have already undergone." In the second case, Lieut. A Young, M.C., a disabled ex-officer, says: "Considering that I did not fulfil the conditions of your scheme to the letter, I consider that you have dealt with me in a very fair and generous manner." Have you signed the coupon on page 20?

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reach the highest point of all-round excellence. The finest cycle value on offer. Light, graceful, and easy running. Warranted for 10 years.

15/- WITH ORDER

DELIVERED carriage paid to all approved orders for 15/- with order. Balance in 12 monthly payments of 15/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Graves World's Best Cycles, including three-speed gear Models, all at keenest prices and on Easy Terms.

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AGE and YOUTH

Case A/214. Age 71 years.

After 26 Years in Tropics.

"I feel much better, mentally and physically. Pains in the back almost gone; hands which were a trifle palsied, much steadier. Bowels acting more regularly and easier. Flatulence decreasing. For these encouraging evidences of skill, I thank you."

Case A/100. Age 18 years.

"You will see by the enclosed measurements that I have made rapid progress. As promised, I am sending you a photograph which is proof of what your system has done for me. I have also made a great increase in my weight-lifting. Total increase, 1 cwt. 3 lbs. (115 lbs.). Height increase, ⅛ in. Weight, 2 lbs. Measurements: Neck, 16 ins. Biceps, 14½ ins. Forearm, 12½ ins. Chest, 44½ ins. Waist, 30½ ins. Thigh, 23½ ins. Calf, 15½ ins.

A Total Increase of over 12 ins.

These were received this week unsolicited; sheafs of others not quite as old or so young, showing increases of over 20 inches.

There is nothing secret about my methods; they are the simplest in the world and, because of their simplicity, are the best; but the key is known only to myself. I have formed it as the result of years of experience, tests, and trials. There is nothing uncertain about it, as it is natural and positive in its results. It does not matter how weak or strong you are, you can make yourself absolutely fit by my advice.

Thirty Thousand Pupils have thanked me during years for what it has been my pleasure to do for them, and I have received whole-hearted recognition from such well-known authorities as Dr. Dale, Dr. Lee, John Marks, Hackenschmidt, Apollo and Madrali.

If you have HEALTH, value it and obtain that reserve of energy by mental control so necessary in present-day life.

If you are in INDIFFERENT HEALTH, such a Chest and Lung Weakness, Constipation, Indigestion, Insomnia, Liver and Kidney complaints, Lack of Vitality, Obesity, Neurasthenia, Rheumatism, write for my booklet, "Physical Culture Simplified."

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Consultations by Appointment Free.

Edward Aston

163, St. Paul's Chambers, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.4.

Sir,—Please send me, gratis, a copy of your booklet, "Physical Culture Simplified."

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ROGUERY IN RACING.—II.

TRICKS OF THE TURF—RIGGING THE MARKET—HORSES THAT NEVER WIN.

[Below we give the second of a remarkable series of articles from the pen of an expert possessing an extensive and intimate knowledge of all phases of the Turf—including its "seamy side." Another article, making further sensational revelations of racing roguery, will appear next week.]

THE late John Porter's cryptic utterance that "horse racing used to be the straightest game in the world, but nowadays it is the *crookedest business*" probably touched the high-water mark of truth. The whole business of horse-racing and training has become so involved and intricate that there is not another sport or business under the sun that is so open to the machinations of the unscrupulous. And, as is so often the case when keen brains *stoop* to malpractices, it is the man who cannot afford it—the average punter—who has to foot the bill. A couple of decades ago life behind the scenes in the busy world of the Turf may have been all that the Drury Lane dramatists and Nat Gouldish fictionists painted it. Twenty years ago hatchet-faced, horsey-looking individuals may have gone crawling about the countryside by night, chloroforming innocent stable lads, squirting hypodermic syringes full of deadly dopes into the silky necks of odds-on favourites; they may even have injected electrifying drugs into hopeless outsiders and brought off sensational coups at fantastic odds. I don't say they didn't. I merely express a mild incredulity and observe that the facts do not conform with the fiction. What I do say is that such methods would not go undetected for one hour under the modern racing régime.

Stern Stewards.

The up-to-date racing trickster is much more subtle. He works generally well within the law, and instead of tampering with his horses he "rigs the market" in order to bring off his most successful coups. Plot, counter-plot, fake, bluff and "good red herring," these are the stock-in-trade of the modern racing trickster. His sole aim and ambition is to upset the form book completely, and he does so with amazing success and regrettable frequency. It is useless blaming the Jockey Club, for the Stewards are powerless to punish where no violation of the rules takes place. They exercise their authority stringently whenever and as often as a violation of the rules occurs, even though no complaint is lodged by the aggrieved party. A classic example of this is Craganour's Derby. The race ended in what is known as a bumping finish, with the red-hot favourite Craganour first and Aboyeur, a rank outsider, second. The bumping fault was technical and quite unintentional, and neither Aboyeur's owner nor jockey made a protest. But there it was—the infringement was so obvious that the Stewards acted and altered the destination of hundreds of thousands of pounds. Rigging the market is an artifice which could not be prevented even though a thousand new rules were introduced. Thus the market-rigger's position is as "safe as a house"; and as by far the worst offences are committed at meetings outside the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club Stewards, it becomes harder still to frustrate the manipulation.

Impossible Tasks.

The general scheme is to run a horse in a totally unfit state. It is so badly conditioned that it ought not to be out of its stall. It finishes well down among the stragglers, and the operation is repeated time and again. The price goes out longer and longer; handicappers, bookies and public alike come to regard the horse as a thoroughly "bad egg." This is the rigger's opportunity. The animal is properly trained and put into perfect condition, entered for a race, and is heavily backed by its own connections. It wins without effort—not only netting big sums for the stable concerned, but robbing the public of infinitely larger amounts laid on other horses in the race. Another quite legitimate but wholly unjustifiable method of upsetting the form book is to enter a horse for four or five races a week. Punters are naturally at a loss to know for which it will go to the post. The second race, perhaps, seems the *least* likely of all—yet at the last moment all other engagements are cancelled and the animal is a starter. The obvious inference is that the stable is concentrating on this race and that the horse is therefore out to win. On goes the money. But the stable commissions are laid elsewhere and the horse fails miserably, even though it tries all the way. Again, a horse is trained for five-furlong races and run only in mile-and-a-half events, which it naturally loses as often as it is entered. The public lose thousands in backing it. That matters little to the market riggers, who merely wait for the price to lengthen while they train it for a mile-and-a-half. It is entered, and wins, and again the public is left in a state of bewilderment—wondering why the form book is all wrong. Some horses are used as decoys; they are left in a race until the betting makes them favourites, but they do not go to the post, bigger money having been laid by their connections on longer-priced animals. Those unfortunate punters who "took a price" about the horse do not even get a run for their money. Some horses, too, are entered for races which they are not expected to win, being merely out for exercise. But the public do not know this, and again the small man's money is lost to him. Another method of ensuring "in-and-out" running is to enter a horse consistently for, say, mile races, which it loses as consistently. The public faith in it vanishes, and their money goes on other horses. But the defaulter is entered for yet another mile race—and wins in a canter, with the stable's money on it at long odds. In all these instances the stables make huge profits at the expense of the punter in the street simply by upsetting the form book. It is at local meetings that these practices flourish to the greatest extent. They are generally governed by "landed gentry" or country squires, who do not own horses, and are neither qualified nor experienced in the highly technical art of racecourse stewardship. They refrain from inquiring into questionable running purely from fear of betraying their own ignorance of matters which they are supposed to control and govern.

Bar the "In-and-Outs"!

These stewards are of course unpaid. Whether the remedy lies in the employment of stipendiary stewards at all meetings remains to be seen. But racegoers who have had experience of foreign meetings, where all stewards are paid, disagree on the subject. They hold that paid stewards are in much the same position as Scotland Yard detectives—always looking for illegal practices where frequently they are non-existent. The best and most drastic remedy would be to bar a horse guilty of "in-and-out" running unless a perfectly satisfactory explanation could be furnished by the animal's connections.

A BRUTE AND A BENCH.

MAGISTRATES CONDONE CALLOUS CRUELTY.

A farmer named Frederick William Angell (!) of Warminster, Wilts., was summoned for the second time for gross cruelty to and neglect of his horses. Starving, emaciated to mere skin and bone, smothered with lice, they were suffering most acutely, Too weak to stand, they were supported in their stalls by chains and ropes passed under their bellies, without any sacking to form a humane sling. But the Magistrates—Messrs. H. E. Pike and R. Stratton—who happen themselves to be farmers, virtually refused to accept the evidence of the expert witnesses, and motored out to the defendant's farm to view the animals, which doubtless had been tidied up and tended in the interval. On their return they declared they "did not consider the case quite so bad as the prosecution had made out"—it couldn't have been much worse!—and fined this misnamed "Angell" only £3 and costs. Such condonation of gross and shocking cruelty prove Messrs. Pike and Stratton to be persons utterly unfitted to administer justice.

DON'T AND DARE.

SHORT STORY OF GENIUS AND JOBS.

When on 20th February last Mr. Alfred Julius Dare, of Gillingham, Dorset, civil engineer, found himself out of a job he lost no time starting as a mail order merchant, calling his business the Dareco Company. He also, however, advertises in the daily newspapers: "Appointments of all kinds rapidly found. Send stamped addressed envelope, particulars, and make sure of a good job at once." Instead, however, of finding jobs for poor people—who perhaps had had their hopes falsely aroused and had expended a much needed fourpence on postage—Dare merely offered—for a consideration—to write up their careers "in order to arrest the attention of the prospective employer." For 10s. 6d. "we will draft," says he, "a first-class letter—a concise, lucid letter," which, if not precisely warranted to do the trick, is, in the opinion of Mr. Dare, abounding in promise. It has not occurred to him that a man who can't write his own letter of application is not much good for the job he seeks, and even if he gets it, will soon be found out and lose it!

A GUINEA AN HOUR.

CALLOUS COLLIERY'S RIDICULOUS PROSECUTION.

One of the colliers in the Tirydail Colliery met with an accident in 1914, and lingered in a sort of death-in-life until January of this year, when he finally succumbed. The men at the pit asked to be allowed to finish the shift at 1 o'clock instead of two, to permit them to pay their last respects at his funeral. The Manager, Mr. T. W. Lewis, frigidly replied that he would allow them the hour only if they would promise to "work it back"! Disgusted at this overbearing and tyrannical demand, the men refused to agree, and finding that they could manage to be in time by leaving only half an hour earlier, did so. Upon which the Cleeves Colliery Company, the owners of the pit, proceeded against 140 of them for damages of 10s. 6d. each—for losing half an hour! As it was easily proved that there was no loss of output and consequently no damage, the Bench dismissed the summonses. It is deplorable that such an incident should have happened at a time when a "give and take" policy is so essential to the recovery of our national position in trade.

Has your landlord raised your rent? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE MARQUIS CURZON.

IT has been said of many of us at various times when things have not been too successful that we were born before our time. This, of course, is a flattering sort of way of condemning anybody. It suggests that had the world only acquired a riper, more mature and encouraging vision, our personal powers would receive a more generous recognition than they do in the days in which we live. Now this week I am going to discuss somebody who has had the misfortune of not being born before his time, but is rather a subject of commiseration because he has been born so long after it.

George Nathaniel, Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, is a peer with a grand manner. In his salad days his friends spoke of him as a possible Prime Minister. He had undeniable talents, a splendid presence, and self-confidence to a remarkable degree. And he became a great orator, an accomplished diplomatist, and Britain's Foreign Secretary. Yet he never quite fulfilled the expectations of his friends.

The fact is that he was too superior a person to be popular, and he stood for the idea that there is a governing class, and that its claims are based on heredity and a 'varsity career. All the same he has never been a believer in incompetency, and not only preached efficiency but has always set the example of hard work in whatever sphere he has laboured. He started his public career as Assistant Private Secretary to the late Marquis of Salisbury. Anyone who knew Lord Salisbury would tell you what a difficult position this was to fill, but the then Mr. Curzon filled it with conspicuous success and he was then only 26 years of age.

From 1886 to 1898 he sat as Member of Parliament for the Southport Division of South West Lancashire, and during that period became Under Secretary of State for India, and afterwards the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He was afterwards to become Viceroy of India, and his innate love and veneration of pomp and circumstance was excited in those early days by the glowing colours and momentous pageantry of our Eastern possession.

He was only 38 when he rose to the great position as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He ruled that country with an ornate and glittering splendour that appealed to the Indian love of pomp and ceremony. From his boyhood he had dreamed of the Viceroyalty of India, it is said, and when his dream became a reality he attacked the task with a feverish fervour. He aimed at making a new India in five years. Anglo-Indians still dispute as to whether his administration was a success or a failure; but they agreed that there was plenty of it.

There was the Bengal incident, with all its folly and ineptitudes. Men who live on the spot will speak to you even to this day in no uncertain terms as to Lord Curzon's attitude in regard to the partition of Bengal. Still, his Lordship appealed to certain Indian princes in the way that no other Viceroy has ever appealed before or since. He went out to India an avowed exponent of caste rule. He was the highest representative of the highest caste in Great Britain, and he came to India as the plenipotentiary of the King. His love of dignity, his extraordinary sense of personal pomp and his devotion to ceremony and ritual proclaimed him at once as the great and outstanding figure to certain phases of the Eastern mind. At last the George Nathaniel Curzon who had been laughed at at Oxford—where he was the subject of an immortal satirical rhyme which describes him as a "very superior person"—had found himself in an atmosphere of congenial ceremony and grandeur. Here his "superiority" was welcomed. Here he stood as a sort of personal figure of Britain's power and world-wide domain.

But by a cruel irony of fate he was driven, through his quarrel with Lord Kitchener, to resign office before he had achieved one half of his ambitious programme.

Briefly the controversy was this:

Lord Kitchener objected to the independent opinion of the Military Department, because "the existence of two opinions caused the Army to take sides, while it brought the Viceroy into the arena of discussion on contentious military subjects." The Government of India replied that they "should regard with positive dismay any change that would in any degree dethrone the Government of India from their constitutional control of the Indian Army or set up a single commander in their place."

Neither Lord Curzon nor Lord Kitchener loved compromise. So Lord Curzon returned home.

When the war broke out, his Lordship threw himself whole-heartedly into the campaign and rendered splendid service. He would have done even better service had he only been able to forget that insufferable superiority which has so frequently annoyed his fellow members in the Cabinet during our most anxious hours.

"Curzon you know is an antique. He is one of the last relics of the ancient glories of the British Empire," said George Wyndham to me one day when describing his colleague. There you have it.

Yet I am glad to tell you that Lord Curzon does not carry his stern superiority into his private home. The last time that I spent an hour with him there he was arranging a matinée for the King and Queen of the Belgians. As I left the house, he patted me on the back and said:

"We have got to make this matinée a great success, my dear fellow. We can't let George Robey organise all these matinées, you know. He's a fine chap, but he can't have it all his own way!"

If only Lord Curzon had spoken at times with that human affability and unpretentious good humour in the great councils of the Empire, he might have been Prime Minister. So I am afraid we must leave him, a brilliant, picturesque and charming figure—but a thing of the past.

You really must know GEORGE

GEORGE is young and handsome. He is clean-shaven and has blue eyes, but best of all he is the human encyclopædia of the Movie world.

If you want to know where your favourite film star was born—
—ask George.

If you wish to know her age and the colour of her hair—
—ask George.

If you are a film fan, surely there is something you would like to write to George about? Think.

You will find his address in this month's PICTURES, just out.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Criccieth, Carnarvonshire.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—When the great Gladstone sought retirement and rest at Hawarden, he cut down trees and studied Homer. You, on the contrary, are planting potatoes, and, it is said, reading your opponents' speeches—perhaps with a view to an effective return to the political stage. Meanwhile your future is wrapped in mystery, and has thus all the charm of the enigmatic, even though your immediate presence has for once escaped the limelight. Perhaps your friends are right in urging you to remain for some little time, like Achilles, in your tent. But we shall miss those perorations of yours about watching the sun rise from the lofty peak. By the way, when *is* that New World of yours coming along?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. B. W. Tibble, St. Paul's Road, London, N.

DEAR SIR,—You have admirably earned your gold medal, recently presented to you at the Mildmay Radical Club "in the presence of a big muster." Your record of life-saving is, I should think, unique. To as many as twelve patients in various London hospitals you have given a precious gift indeed—your own life's blood. But for it they would have died; fortified by your's they live, I trust, in full measure of gratitude for your heroic sacrifice. It is well that heroes of peace as well as of war should be so honoured.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, Professor of English Literature, Cambridge University.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—Permit me to congratulate you most heartily on the splendid and well deserved castigation that you have meted out to our Pussyfoot friends. These people have so long regarded themselves as "superior persons" that it is well that you should point out that they, not we, are the abnormalities. As you say, "the perfect appreciation of the best books" is denied to the teetotaler "because he does not enjoy full manhood." Excellent! And by the same token, no really great work in prose or verse was ever written on cold water or ginger pop. Shakespeare, Dryden, Byron, Tennyson, Burns, Dickens, Thackeray—all liked their glass. But, stay—we had forgotten Miss Howitt, the authoress of that immortal poem, "The Spider and the Fly." Doubtless the pumpuritans prefer it to "Hamlet."

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Branson.

MY LORD,—You have brought a ray of sunshine into the awful darkness of the conscience-stricken minds of many citizens whose souls have been heavy with the guilt of concealing income when compiling their Income Tax returns. For you say that "a great number of *perfectly honest people*" do this! With grateful tears "great numbers" will rise and call you blessed, and the day may come when a falsified return will be proudly exhibited as a proof of integrity. But before I accept the glad tidings as a working hypothesis, I wish you would give a hint as to what will happen to a "perfectly honest" person who comes before you for rendering a false Income Tax return!

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. A. W. Perkin, Greenford Green, near Harrow.

DEAR MADAM,—From what I hear, you are a very delightful and useful wife to have about the house. The other day your husband, a popular Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, slipped on a door mat and broke his collar bone. Instead of waiting for a surgeon, you immediately set the bone in so satisfactory a way that when the medical man did arrive he pronounced that what you had done was well. As a voluntary war worker in Southall Military Hospital, doubtless you know that such things are the better done when done quickly. You won't get a medal for the performance, but if your husband does not buy you a nice new hat—well, if I were you, I think I should make a few choice remarks about it.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. W. P. Silvester, Vicar of Wembley, Middlesex.

MY DEAR VICAR,—Apropos of your recent challenge to box a neighbour of yours, the Rev. T. Smith, Vicar of Greenhill, I do hope you twain will fight the good fight of faith as soon as possible, for I assure you it would prove a great hit in sporting circles. It is not for me to say, of course, which of you would get in the hardest or the most blows, but it is probable nobody in Greenhill or Wembley except the unco gnid will really feel hurt, and the unco guid don't matter. I suppose the churchwardens would make it a collection box—in which case no doubt the response will be most encouraging. All the advice I propose to give both of you for the occasion is, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

JOHN BULL.

To Charles B. Cochran, Esq., New Oxford Theatre, London, W.

DEAR MR. COCHRAN,—The dramatic critics seem to have irritated you just as much as your new revue, "Mayfair and Montmartre," appears to have irritated them. In your letter to the Press you say you do not know what may be the qualifications which secure an appointment as dramatic critic. Nor does anyone else. There are no special qualifications that I am aware of. The consequent natural assumption is that the critics express the opinion of the ordinary man in the street. Though you may debar them as critics, you will not be able to exclude them as ordinary paying members of the playgoing public. And *then*, if your next show does not meet with their approval, Heaven help you!

JOHN BULL.

To S. F. Butcher, Esq., Coroner, Radcliffe, Lancs.

SIR,—It seems a pity to call twelve men in these hard times to go through the formalities of viewing bodies and hearing evidence when you take the job out of their hands and insult them afterwards. You first said the drowning of Sarah Orrell in a reservoir "*seemed* a premeditated act," but the jury returned a verdict of "Found Drowned"—which was obviously true and reflected the uncertainty existing apparently in your mind as well as theirs. Upon this you petulantly retorted that you would not accept such a "stupid verdict," adding to this insulting remark that: "It was a distinct case of suicide"! Please bear in mind that the jury are expected to possess opinions, and the Coroner is expected to possess manners.

JOHN BULL.

To E. Forbes Lankester, Esq., K.C., Police Magistrate, North London Police Court.

SIR,—I see that you have been making yourself ridiculous by denouncing indiscriminate almsgiving, and you complain that people get a glow of pleasure when they hand a copper or two to a poor man or woman in the street. Why shouldn't they? Your suggestion that we should visit the homes of all who, in these hard times, ask our help may do very well for rich and idle Nosey Parkers, but plain common-sense people don't want to indulge in these degrading inquisitions, and cannot help thinking that a man who censures compassion in his fellows ought not to have power over them. Read St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians—"And the greatest of these ——," etc.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Much still their pace retards,
And, though George is a goer,
It's quite upon the cards
They *both* will miss Genoa!

The case of Rex *v.* Peel
Creates a great diversion,
The "lookie's" wife must feel
She could not plead "coercion."

Sell chocolate after eight?—
Well, then, abandon hope!
Far safer—sad to state—
To run a Den for Dope!

Dramatic critics find
They've stirred up Cochran's ire,
And think him most unkind
Full payment to require.

You may bless the day you wrote to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

Watch these Twelve.

For the benefit of my readers I repeat the selected twelve horses which I suggest should be followed this season, some of which are engaged this week:

BUCKS	LORD OF BURGHLEY	PHARMACIE
FLAMBOYANT		POGROM
HONG KONG	LEMBACH	POLYDIPSIA
HOPEFUL	LEIGHTON	WILLIAM TELL
BACHELOR	LINBY	

If we have as successful a season on the flat as we experienced with the dozen "over the sticks," we shall be satisfied.

The Luck Will Turn.

There is evidently some truth in the old saying that luck runs in grooves. J. Hogan, jun., the Irish jockey who has been riding in England recently, did not experience much good fortune until the Wolverhampton and Lingfield meetings. Then the people who had not backed Hogan's mounts sat up and took notice, as at Wolverhampton the Irishman brought off a nice double with Voxol and Harmonius, and the next day he scored at Dibbinsdale. At Lingfield on the following day Hogan rode for Bennett's Epsom stable, and captured three events on Miss Micawber, New Lady and Good Points, and later at Sandown he won another race on Harmonius.

The Late Lord Manton.

Lord Manton, who was better known to racing people as Mr. Joseph Watson, the owner of Lemonora, Love in Idleness and other brilliant horses, took his title from the successful establishment at Manton where his horses were trained by Alec Taylor. He had several animals engaged in important races this season, but all nominations are rendered void by his tragic death in the hunting field.

Well-known Jockey's Death.

W. Saxby, who died at Bedford the other day from consumption, was many years ago a successful jockey and a great rival to the late Danny Maher and Frank Wootton. Saxby was once closely associated with W. T. Robinson at Foxhill, and during his career he rode many important winners, including Wild Lad, Imari, Prince Florizel, Prince Palatine, White Eagle, Cargill, Pillo, Cellini, Craganour, Louvois and Spate.

Super-Jockey from South Africa.

If all I hear is true, our crack jockeys are novices compared with a South African champion, J. A. Brennan, who is going to ride for Capt. Hogg, the Russley trainer, this season. "J.A." must not be confused with J. Brennan, the Manton jockey, with whom we are all well-acquainted. This is another Brennan, who has ridden numerous winners in South Africa, and is said to be a Fred Archer, George Fordham, Tod Sloan and Danny Maher all rolled into one.

Tumblers at Hurst Park.

A remarkable accident occurred at Hurst Park recently in which several jockeys and horses had a miraculous escape from death. During the race for the Kingston Hurdle eight horses fell in a heap over one of the hurdles, but A. Smith, who was riding Ninon, was the only real sufferer. He is, however, mending well.

Jockey to Take Up Training.

Arthur Stubbs, who before turning professional was a capable amateur rider under National Hunt Rules, has taken out a licence to train racehorses, and saddled his first winner, Ocean Star, at Derby. Stubbs has taken over H. Ussher's stable at Upavon, as the Irish trainer is returning to his own country.

A Boxing Farce.

Neither the International Boxing Union nor the British Boxing Board of Control is a body for which I have any respect. They neither legislate nor control, and their domestic quarrels are matters for contempt and not sorrow. But public opinion can show what it thinks of the ridiculous claim by Eugene Criqui to the European featherweight championship. Wyns, the Belgian holder of the title, though he says he will fight Criqui, asks too much money. Criqui seizes the chance; waits the time stipulated by the I.B.U., weighs in, is medically examined, and calls himself champion. Under the I.B.U. rules you can do everything; if you win under championship rules, the I.B.U. says you are not really a champion (*vide* Harrison); if you don't fight at all, you can call yourself one.

Beckett and Billy Wells.

Two boxers on whom the British public have their eye are Joe Beckett, the title-holder, and "Billy" Wells. If Beckett beats Cook next Monday, then Carpentier cannot well avoid much longer giving him a return match. And if Wells

RIVAL EMPIRE HEAVYWEIGHTS.

beats Lloyd next month, it is not his intention to return to golf at once. That, he thinks, can wait a year or two while he sees if the men who have beaten him can repeat the performance.

Another Cambridge Year?

This week and next are big in the history of inter-Varsity contests. Cambridge have a stronger athletic team than for some years, and should win the sports at Queen's Club hands down. They have also, on paper, a two to one chance of winning the Boat Race. But in this matter a word of warning. J. W. H. Freemantle, at No. 7, has been having trouble with his wrist; little has been said about it because little has leaked out. If Freemantle keeps in the Cambridge boat, they should win; if a change is necessary, Oxford would certainly have an even chance.

Where Was England?

It is a good thing for the honour of our cross-country runners that Yorkshire is in England, although to hear them talk at Sheffield sometimes you would think it wasn't! In the national race at Hereford, a Frenchman was first, a Yorkshireman second, a Frenchman third and a Welshman fourth. Readers will remember that I predicted the success of Guillemot and that Schnelleman would get a place, with Edwards, the Newport man, a dark horse. Thus it happened.

F.A. Cup Coincidence.

The semi-finals of the F.A. Cup Competition are being played this week, and two curiosities connected with these games have so far escaped much notice. One is that the Burnley ground, where Huddersfield and Notts County meet, has had to be lengthened, and the other that for the second year in succession Tottenham Hotspur and Preston North End meet in a semi-final tie on the same ground—Hillsborough. The competition thus far has furnished many surprises; I have not seen one writer who correctly named the four teams left in. If the Spurs and Huddersfield appear in the final, it will be what most of us hope. And that's all I dare say about it.

Just Waste of Time.

The results of the games with Ireland and Wales—a draw and a win—are what a politician would describe as "not unsatisfactory." But in many others beside myself they inspired no confidence. Compared with fifteen and twenty years ago, the art of defence has deteriorated 10 per cent. Several changes will be made in the team to oppose Scotland, but that doesn't mean there will be any improvement. One lesson the F.A. should have learned, if they haven't, is that trial games are pure waste of time.

To Teach Players a Lesson.

Misconduct on the field of play is now the object of an enquiry by a Committee of the F.A. There is one thing they could recommend which, if carried out, would put a stop to much of the unpleasantness which has occurred this season. When a player misbehaves himself, and in due course is suspended, he doesn't mind very much because in many instances, if not all, his clubmates make up his wages between them—*sub rosa*, of course. And, what is of more importance, the player knows other clubs will snap him up if his own decides to part with him. He should be made to realise that serious misconduct on the field, or a continued repetition of offences, will mean an absolute end of his football career.

A Mixed Bag.

Rhodora, once a brilliant racehorse, became such a terror at the stud that she had to be destroyed.

E. Lancaster, who was badly injured by the fall of Wanton at Worcester last October, has now recovered and will be able to ride at about 8 st. this season.

Two football moves—the Corinthians to play at Crystal Palace; the Crystal Palace F.C. to leave their present ground at Selhurst for another five minutes away.

Newcastle United have taken a stand over the huge transfer fee question. They will not pay more than £2,000 for any player. All honour to them.

The British open golf championship may have to be decided at some other place than Sandwich, as the Royal St. George's course has not recovered from last year's drought.

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

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WHAT "JOHN BULL" C

By the Right Rev. the LORD B

I HOPE it will occasion no surprise to my friends in the Church that I should consent to offer an opinion as to what a newspaper like JOHN BULL can do for Britain at the present critical juncture in its history. At any rate, I accede to the request which has been made to me, and if any word of mine can assist the management of this journal towards a truer understanding of the deep popular needs of the moment I shall be more than repaid. For good or for evil, we have to recognise the enormous power of the modern Press, and it would be affectation to pretend that the kind of influence exerted by a periodical like JOHN BULL, with its great circulation among all classes of the population, can be safely ignored by those who seek to assist the masses. I therefore propose to indicate what, in my opinion, are the main objects to be striven for by those who guide the counsels of this great organ of popular opinion. I have long been associated with a variety of causes having for their object the social improvement of the masses and the brightening of the lives of those upon whose patient labour the fabric of our commercial prosperity rests. I am free, I hope, from any "Kill-joy" taint, which has done much to disguise the true spirit of Christian fellowship; I have no antipathy to the policy for which JOHN BULL claims to stand, my desire being only to see it applied with courage, candour and cleanliness to the manifold problems of our time.

JOHN BULL in the Past.

I should be lacking in the gratitude which every citizen should feel if I did not for a moment recall the great part played by this journal in sustaining the faith and courage of the people during the blackest days of the war. Among large classes of the population its influence at that time was probably greater than that of any other British publication. Among the troops at home and abroad, as I can personally testify, its popularity was extraordinary. "Tommy's Bible" I more than once heard it called, and the flippancy of the phrase concealed a truth which deserves to be remembered to the credit of those who laboured to keep aloft the standard of fairness and honour in our treatment of the men who fought for us on land and sea. There can be no doubt whatever that in those dark days JOHN BULL had its finger on the pulse of the nation, and all that was best in the heart and mind of the people—the courage to endure, the sympathy to feel and act for others, the understanding of the deep issues at stake in the conflict, and the will to victory—cost what it might—found forcible expression in its columns. But all that is over, thank God, and peace has brought new problems, fresh perils, undreamt-of perplexities. Has JOHN BULL the insight and the power to cope with the challenge of Peace as once it did with the menace of War?

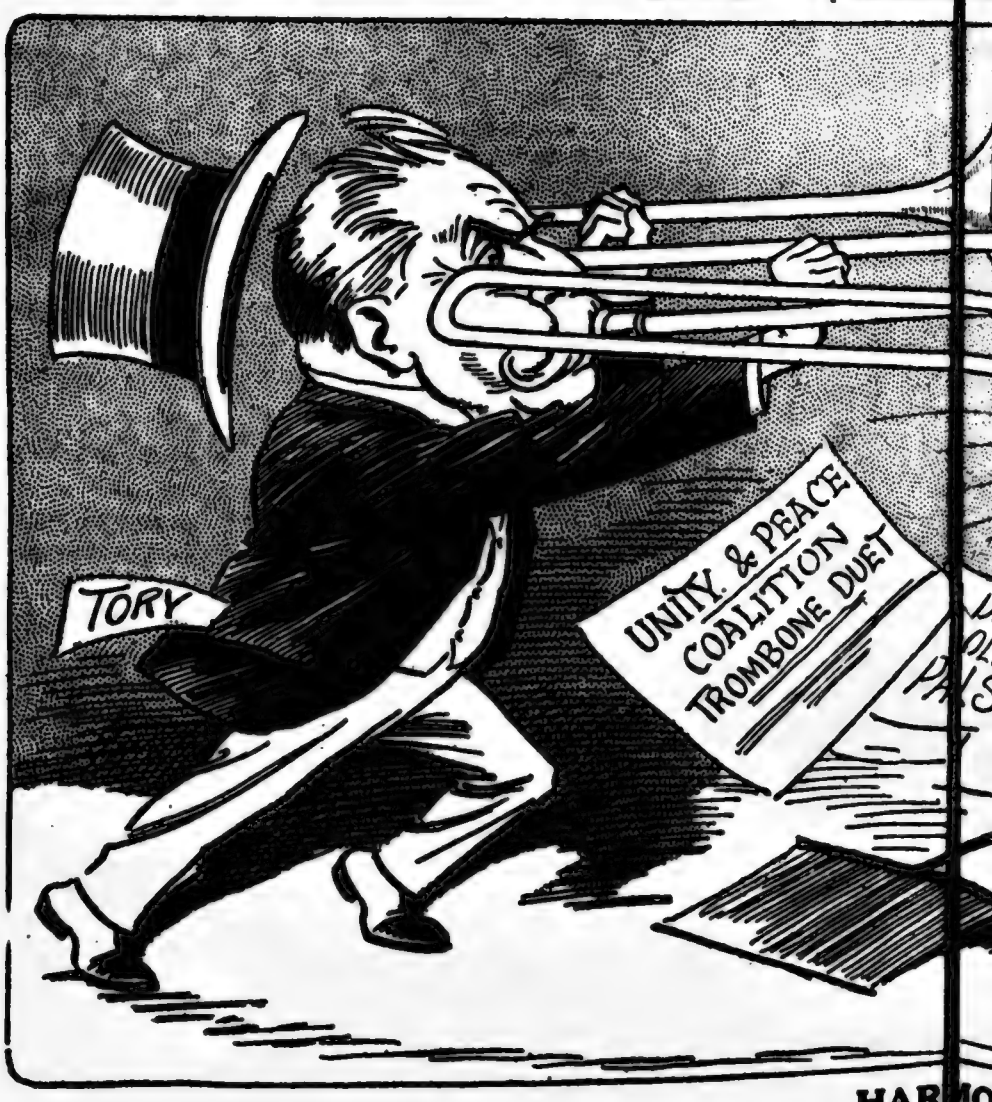
A New Era.

I am glad, at any rate, to know that recent changes have in no way detracted from the ability with which the paper has been conducted. There is quick appreciation of popular taste, the capacity to speak in language "understanded of the people," the knack of writing in the way that gets read. But such talents, which in these modern days have a substantial market value, carry with them a commensurate moral responsibility, and it would be a calamity if there were reason to fear that they would be prostituted to the lower passions of the people. At the moment I foresee no such peril, and I trust all concerned will be on their guard against its insidious entrance. The omens are propitious, and it would be a thousand pities if, through any too facile regard for mere commercial considerations, the valuable influence of the paper were in any way impaired. Not that I regard its past as flawless. I have given no undertaking to forbear criticism, and I want to say at once that, in my opinion, there has from time to time been a tendency observable in JOHN BULL to use "sensationalism" for its own sake apart from the merits of the subject in hand, and on certain great moral and social issues to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. These are blemishes which must be remedied if the journal is to sustain its position. By all means, give us the truth, and the whole truth, but always with the proviso that no worthy cause can be loyally served by false or exaggerated statement. Moreover, in its insistence upon those great principles of justice which are traditionally linked with the name of Britain, a journal of this kind must recognise no distinctions of sex, rank, or degree. Only if assured upon these points shall we have full respect for our JOHN BULL.

The Imperial Note.

Always, I hope, the paper will continue to sound a sane Imperial note. One of its great missions I conceive to be to form a link between the Motherland and those great daughter nations which have sprung up across the seas. I am told that JOHN BULL has already in several of the Dominions a greater circulation than any other British newspaper, and it seems to me that its overseas circulation should be capable of indefinite expansion. JOHN BULL is a name to conjure with in the waste places of the earth where exiled sons and daughters of Britain dream of their distant home. But the spirit of Old England must breathe through the pages of the paper if the tie thus created is to remain a living bond. What that spirit is hardly needs defining—a burning love of liberty, a hatred of every form of wrong and oppression, a determination that all shall have justice and the poor a helping hand. This must be the keynote of the journal's policy. In politics, it must have an independent attitude, and I should deplore its conversion in any shape or form into a Party political organ. There, again, it should uphold the standards of justice and truth and bring every policy of every Party to the test of these great principles. It would be a grand thing if we could be sure that it might be trusted to give us

THE WEEK'S



HAR

"For there's none so rare as can

' CAN DO FOR BRITAIN.

BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

absolutely disinterested criticism upon social and political questions, uncorrupted by malice, untouched by vested interests, unspoiled by Party intrigue. Such a journal would indeed deserve to be spoken of with respect as an "organ of public opinion," and would, I am convinced, win for itself, among its contemporaries, a great renown.

Comradeship.

Another enormous service which, in my judgment, JOHN BULL can do for England is to conjure back the spirit that animated its efforts during the war and endeavour to establish in our midst a true comradeship of peace. For if there is one thing that this old country needs more than another it is a rest from the eternal squabbling among ourselves which has hindered the work of national recovery and prevented the coming of better days. No enduring Commonwealth can be built upon discord and enmity, and the thoughtful and patriotic citizen must be saddened when he sees the weapons of strife employed in place of the tools of reconstruction. It appears that the lesson of beating our swords into ploughshares is one we have yet to learn, and there is little hope of peace at home till we have mastered it. In industrial matters, it should be for JOHN BULL to hold the scales equally between Capital and Labour, pointing out frankly the faults of each, and never hesitating, in the event of any disturbance of good relations, to fasten the blame on the right shoulders. It should seek to be known, not as an employers' paper or a workmen's paper, but as the People's paper, standing for the interests of the nation as a whole against any faction which may strive to usurp the sovereignty which resides in the general body of citizens. Obviously, I can do no more than lay down general principles, but here again it will be an enormous advantage if in times of industrial crisis we have a newspaper which can be trusted not to lend itself to "propaganda" on either side, but honestly to examine the situation for itself and utter its opinion in scorn of consequence. That surely is the ideal. Bluff, hearty, plain-spoken John Bull, the traditional British figure we love, ready at all times to speak his mind, caring nothing if he offend the wrongdoer so that he can serve his neighbours; troubling not to choose soft speech, but rather words that will bite and sting their way into the consciences of the people. No sycophant, no flatterer, no time-server; ready at any moment to give audience to the lowest and battle to the loftiest, so only right shall triumph and mercy reward the poor. In such a spirit JOHN BULL might well succeed in teaching some practical Christianity to people who will not listen to sermons. I am already told that the power of the Press outrivals the influence of the Pulpit. It is not altogether true, but if the kind of journal I am pleading for ever fully realises itself in our midst, the Churches will have received a reinforcement which, if they are wise, they will greet with hearty good wishes.

Unconventional.

Some people tell me that JOHN BULL is "so unconventional." In a sense, I rejoice to know it, and I trust it may ever remain so. I suppose it is in a sense unconventional to stand up to the strong and defend the weak; to side with the poor against the rich in case of wrong or injustice, and, as a matter of principle, to champion the "bottom dog." These are the things which JOHN BULL professes to do, and which it must do consistently, and I had almost said religiously, if it is to keep the place I am imagining for it in national life. There is a maxim of our English Criminal Law that in all judicial proceedings the prisoner must enjoy "the benefit of the doubt." I have often thought that this might well be extended to the realm of social policy. If we are wise and humane men and women—still more, if we are Christians—we shall always be ready to give the benefit of the doubt, in cases of dispute or controversy, to the under-dog; to the party who stands at a disadvantage; to the man or woman in the prison-house of poverty. It ought to be a point of chivalry to do so, and I suggest that if JOHN BULL can spread this principle far and wide it will have done something to inculcate into our social and political thinking a little of the spirit of humanity which in the long run is likely to prove the only balm for our economic ills.

Fight the Good Fight.

Yes, this journal must denounce the evils which the Press is often too timid to face—not, as I said just now, in a spirit of noisy sensationalism, but of earnest purpose and endeavour. After all, the best sensationalism in journalism is that which comes by accident rather than of set intention. In these competitive days, if I may venture an opinion in a field where I tread as a layman, the newspaper that is likely to gain support is the one that will cater, not for the chance emotions of the mob, but for the deeper passions of the national heart. These, in spite of passing aberrations, remain what they always have been—Justice, Truth, and Liberty, these three and that all-embracing Charity which, unless it informs the spirit of a newspaper, it must needs become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. I hope I have offended no one in my little essay in theoretical journalism, but I have written according to my conscience upon a theme which has fascinated me. I want this journal to realise still further its immense potentialities, and to ally itself with the forces whose aim is to enable Britain to be in the days of Peace as united in great causes and for great ends as it was during the War. There is room for a noble ideal in a weekly paper catering for the general mass of the people. JOHN BULL must expect a critical attitude for some time, but all will welcome a sure endeavour after nobility of purpose carried out with purity of method.

...KS CARTOON.

...ARMONY!

...an ...ompare with the Sons of Harmony."

A HUNTED CHILD.

SENSELESS PERSECUTION OF A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD VILLAGE GIRL.

THERE are few offences which we find more difficult to understand or harder to forgive than the harsh and inconsiderate treatment of helpless children, whether it be deliberate and intentional or the outcome merely of thoughtlessness and lack of sympathetic understanding. We can claim for this attitude the high authority of the Founder of Christianity, Who declared, "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." To our mind, nothing but the most obvious necessity can justify a child being taken out of the custody of its parents and handed over to the "tender" mercies of the officials of an industrial home, who have no ties of blood or affection to temper their harsh demeanour towards the unfortunate children committed to their charge, and, as we have good reason to know, only too often utterly spoil promising young lives by the dull, unimaginative uniformity with which all their wards are treated.

A Village Scandal.

A short time ago a village scandal came to light owing to an unusual occurrence at St. Mary's School, Dewhurst Road, Flamstead End, near Cheshunt. Among the girls attending this school was Lily Mansfield, a delicate child of eleven. It must be admitted that her home surroundings may not have been everything that might be desired. They seldom are among the poorer working classes. Her father has the reputation of a hard-working man who always appears to have possessed a good character, as may be judged by the fact that he was twenty-five years in the service of his last employer. Whatever may have been the drawback to the child's upbringing, it is clear that it has never lacked parental care and affection. As a result of an unfortunate incident in the family history, however, the child seems to have been very unhappy at school, for the stigma of a short term of imprisonment which the mother had served for bigamy appears to have been reflected in the treatment of the child. The little girl frequently complained of the severity of the punishment she received for insignificant breaches of school discipline, and on at least one occasion returned home with weals on her arms to bear witness to her chastisement. On a morning in January, while the class was at drill in the playground, this harassed child slipped and fell while endeavouring to perform some exercise, and was ordered into the school for punishment. Smarting under a sense of injustice, she refused to hold out her hand to be caned, and attempted to get away. She was thereupon seized by two of the teachers and held while a third caned her severely on the legs. Apart from the inhumanity of this proceeding, it appears to us that on this occasion the teachers concerned displayed a lack of self-control and sense of the dignity of discipline which augurs ill for the school. After receiving this thrashing, the child rushed screaming from the school and fell almost fainting over the threshold of her house into her mother's arms. The mother returned to the school with the girl, and then took her to a doctor, who found marked weals on the child's legs extending from the knee to the ankle.

Banished from School.

The outcome of this disquieting incident was that the child was refused admission to the school when next she presented herself. A special meeting of the Cheshunt Education Sub-Committee was held, and one of the members, the Rev. C. B. Law, Vicar of Cheshunt, proposed that the matter should be brought to the notice of the Justices, with the view of sending the girl to an industrial school, as she had been begging. The Vicar alleged that whenever new people came to reside in the district Mrs. Mansfield wrote piteous notes appealing for cast-off clothes and other articles, and sent the girl round with them. That there are some grounds for the Vicar's allegation cannot be denied, but the woman stoutly denies that she was in the habit of hawking from house to house things so obtained. She admits that she may from time to time have sold articles of her own clothing when she has been pressed for money, but never those given to her for the children. However that may be, it appears to us strange that, in order to secure the removal of the girl to an industrial home, proceedings should be taken by way of a summons for begging against the child, who cannot possibly be regarded as anything but an innocent agent in the matter. Why should not proceedings have been taken in the first place against the mother?

Industrial Home for an Innocent.

We cannot help feeling regret that the Vicar of Cheshunt should appear as the moving spirit in this attempt to place Lily Mansfield in an industrial home. We have no doubt that he is actuated by the very highest of motives, and is conscientiously endeavouring to do his best in the interests of the child's future, but we can only suggest that if he knew one-half as much as we do about these institutions, he would realise that he may be condemning the child to years of repression and harsh, unfeeling treatment at an age when what is most urgently required is affectionate understanding and sympathetic guidance. Even if we grant for the moment that it may be desirable to remove the girl to fresh surroundings, is it not possible to find some means of doing so without branding her with the stigma that always attaches to the unfortunate inmates of industrial homes? Are there no other institutions which would be willing to receive the child and give her a better chance in life?

BREAD AND BILKERS.

LATEST MOVE OF LOAF PROFITEERS.

Some months ago, Messrs. R. E. Jones, Ltd., of Swansea and Cardiff, were honest—or business-like—enough to proclaim that, at current prices and working costs, they could sell bread at 8d. and still make 20 per cent. profit. They admitted the profit was sufficient, and thousands of manufacturers would cordially agree. But the Master Bakers' Association, who were selling at 10d., objected strenuously both to losing the 2d. on the loaf and to Messrs. Jones giving the show away. Since neither arguments nor threats would alter Jones' decision, the Association started the cut-throat policy of compelling their members in the neighbourhood of the Jones' establishments to sell at 6d., in the hope of crippling their custom or compelling return to 10d. Now, if one can sell at 8d. in open competition, so can others; and what else but plain theft is this taking an extra 2d. from the consumer by forcing the 8d. baker to sell at 10d.? The Association failed in this piratical scheme and victory lay with Messrs. Jones. But not for long, as the millers have taken a hand, and the latest from the Welsh Front is that supplies of flour are being refused—for 8d. loaves. If there is a law to stop this daylight robbery of the poor, it must be used. If there is no such law, it must be made. When a publican can lose his licence for refusing to sell a cup of tea, a miller may easily be given one—to be lost for refusing to sell flour at the current price. Anti-Trust laws are quite as necessary in this country as in the United States.

TWO SIDES TO A TALE.

PERJURY BY POLICE OR SPECTATORS?

There is an unpleasant flavour about the case of Henry Lee, an old man, of North Walsham, Norfolk, who was lately fined 10s. at the Police Court there for being drunk while in charge of a horse and cart. Refuting the charge, Lee—although the Police-Sergeant had denied it earlier in the proceedings—alleged that he had received brutal treatment at the hands of the force. He swore that he pulled up to lift his lame dog into the cart, but slipped on the steps in getting out, and fell. The Police-Sergeant, he said, approached, accused him of being drunk, threw him violently to the ground, knelt on his stomach, and knocked his head on the stones. Two eye-witnesses corroborated this story of senseless brutality, notwithstanding the fact that Superintendent Carter tried to prevent their evidence by declaring that he would object to anything that reflected on the Sergeant, as there was no charge of assault against him. It is a pity the Superintendent set up so purely technical an objection in the face of the evidence of two independent and credible witnesses—one a local tailor, the other a respectable farm labourer. We do not think the Magisterial decision on the charge of drunkenness satisfactorily closes the matter—considering it, indeed, to be a case demanding the closest possible further inquiry into the allegations against the police. Legally, Lee was, of course, on trial for drunkenness; morally, the much larger and more important question of the behaviour of the police on the occasion has to be decided.

NEWS IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

Although many thousands of pounds' worth of goods are bought every week by the readers of John Bull through the advertisement columns, the number of complaints received is infinitesimal, and these are always carefully dealt with under the terms of our Guarantee. For instance, S. A. Barry and Co.—whose striking advertisement appears in this issue—have done business with thousands of our readers, yet we have never had a single complaint. We understand that the firm have added the stock of several good mills to the large quantity of excellent cloths they already carry.

The "Black Cat" cigarette people make a special "nest-egg" offer of five free coupons towards their many gifts, one being a handsome cigarette case for which only 75 coupons are required.

Curzon Bros. present a free Insurance Policy for one year to every purchaser of a suit, the prices of which range from 2 guineas to 5 guineas. As far as we know, this offer is unique in trade, and is certainly an interesting development.

The Glaxo Baby Book is an exceedingly interesting and handsome work, worth a good deal more than the 1s. 2d. asked for it.

In addition to an excellent cutlery bargain on easy terms and cycles on the same system, J. G. Graves are sending free catalogues of their cycles and cutlery to applicants.

Thomas Inch, the well-known exponent of Physical Culture, makes an interesting announcement.

The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" contain advertisements of cigarettes for asthmatics; cloths, leather, violins, cycles, postal tuition, cheap printing, tools, Scout knives and many other attractive things.

Why pay Fire Insurance Premiums? Accept our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 20.

A FEE-SNATCHING FACTOR.

POOR PEOPLE CHARGED FOR EXCHANGING HOUSES.

With a family of five children, none of whom is yet able to earn anything, and a husband who is a decent hard-working tradesman, but has only indifferent health, a woman who resides in a tenement in Morrison Street, Govan, Glasgow, found herself constrained by the prevalent hard times to look out for a house at less rent. By good fortune she got on the track of a suitable new home at a rental cheaper by some ten shillings a month, and by a mutual arrangement among three families, a series of transfers was arranged. All the people concerned are decent working-class folk. One of the factors—or house agents, as they would be termed south of the Tweed—James Wilson, of 132, West Regent Street, Glasgow, saw in the misfortunes of his tenant a chance to snatch a paltry fee in the name of "commission" for sub-letting; so before he would give his sanction to the transfer of tenants, through which he did not stand to lose a solitary penny of rent or taxes, he insisted upon a sum of twelve shillings being paid by the harassed woman with five little children who eagerly desired to take her new house. To one of our representatives who called upon him to elicit some information concerning this exorbitant "fee" for sub-letting, Mr. Wilson asserted that it was perfectly legal, and was authorised by his "Association." It was to cover the expense incurred in changing the name of the tenant in the rent book, in the office books, and in the Valuation Roll. At a very liberal estimate, a shilling would cover the expense incurred in making the necessary adjustments, and so the grasping house-factor pockets about eleven shillings which a struggling mother can ill afford. It may not be illegal, but it is contemptibly inhuman.

MURDER IN THE MILK.

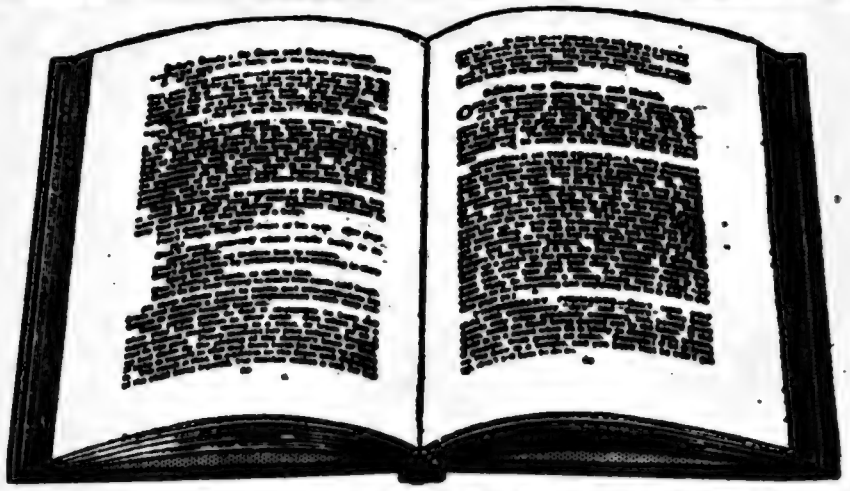
DEADLY DOSES IN THE CHANGEFUL CHURN.

With milk as dear as it is to-day, the public have an undoubted right to demand that it shall be delivered to them in a clean and unadulterated condition. What is the value of milk as a food when it contains in a very large percentage of ordinary samples almost every sort of nauseous impurity and dangerous germ? In sixty per cent. of cases, declares Sir William Watson Cheyne, the great surgeon, tuberculous bones, joints, and glands in children are caused by tuberculous milk, but "practically nothing is being done to prevent this sort of infection." Legislation to remedy the crying evil at present depends largely if not wholly on whether farmers and milk distributors are willing to agree about it. Agreement or no agreement, the Government neglect it at the peril of unnumbered lives. The fatuous leniency of Magistrates who have adulterators of this vital fluid before them is, too, a public danger. Take the recent case of Ernest E. Attoe, of Norwich, who had been three times previously convicted of the same offence. In the last instance he was selling "milk" with from 29½ to 30 per cent. of added water. Yet Mr. Coller, the Chairman of the Bench, merely fined him £20 and costs, although his persistent practice of this gross form of dishonesty was peculiarly heinous, inasmuch as he was supplying the adulterated, worthless stuff, under contract with the Education Authority, to very poor little schoolchildren, who are suffering from tuberculosis, anæmia, and mental deficiency! Thus the mercenary wretch was endangering the very lives of children, and robbing the ratepayers to boot. A long dose of gaol "without the option" is the only meet treatment for such flagrant and hardened offenders.

THE PENALTY OF POVERTY.

UNFAIR TREATMENT OF AN EX-SOLDIER.

Mr. C. H. Mitchell, living with his wife and two children in one room at St. Philip's Street, Battersea, has three years' military service to his credit. On his discharge from the Army he was employed as general labourer by the Board of Trade at the Timber Supply Depot, Catford, but left owing to the closing down of the depot, being given an excellent testimonial. He had to take the dole, and subsequently, owing to the pressure of his poverty, to seek relief from the local Guardians. A week or two ago—on 2nd March to be precise—Mitchell was sent from Clapham Junction Labour Exchange to the branch at Tavistock Street, W.C., for a position as labourer on Gravesend Road, undergoing repairs. Arriving at Tavistock Street, he was cross questioned in the usual official manner by the Clerk-in-Charge, to whom he admitted that he had committed the serious error of being unable to get a job for a period of 12 months. Because of this the Clerk-in-Charge delivered judgment that Mitchell was quite unsuitable for the job, for he had been unemployed so long that he could not be strong enough for hard work! Why should this Labour Exchange clerk constitute himself the judge of that? Here was a man willing to go on the job, and feeling well enough to do it, or at any rate to do his honest hardworking best at it. The foreman of the works could have turned him down quickly if he did not prove satisfactory; but because he has been out of work for twelve months, and might perhaps be suffering the pangs of hunger, the Tavistock Street Labour Exchange will not let him "chance his arm" for a trial. It is a bad turn for a Labour official to do for such a man when there is prospect of work.



Abridged Contents of the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book.

BEFORE BABY COMES: Fresh air—Food Exercises—Clothing—No strong aperients—Daily baths—Care of the breasts.

THE IDEAL LAYETTE: Flannel binder—Vaseline—Long Flannel—Robe—Nightdress—Woollen Boots.

THE NURSERY: Fresh air—Sunniest room—To prevent draughts—Fireguard—Toys—Play pen—Nursery gate—Baby's cot—Baby's bath.

WHAT IS DUE TO YOUR BABY: Suitable food—Regular Feeding—Proper clothing—Cleanliness—Boiled water—Sleep.

FOR THE PERPLEXED MOTHER: Appetite during pregnancy—Alcohol—Baby at the breast—Milk in the breast—Castor oil—Nipple strings—Rupture in a baby boy—Baby's binder—Grieving pains.

BABY'S FOOD: Baby at the breast—Sore nipples—Why baby is unsatisfied—If baby is too weak—Cleft palate—Tongue-tie—Too frequent feeds.

IF MOTHER CANNOT OR MUST NOT FEED BABY: Why ordinary cow's milk is unsuitable.

WHAT IS GLAXO? How cow's milk is altered by being made into Glaxo—Glaxo is germ-free.

SCALE OF QUANTITIES: Capacity of baby's stomach—How to give bottle—Time taken over feed—To bring up the wind—Stomach pains—Night feeds—To ease the weaning—Delicate babies—Premature babies—Fruit juice.

BABY'S GROWTH: Weighing baby—If baby does not "get on"—Weight—Baby's bowels—Why baby becomes constipated—How to treat it—Injections—What you must NOT do—Why baby has wind—Why baby vomits.

TO GIVE BABY HIS BATH: Correct temperature—Face—Body—Dressing—Daily bath.

SLEEP: Why baby cries—Times for sleep.

BABY'S PROGRESS: The danger of the sensitive—Baby's first teeth—Treating the mouth—Baby off his feed—Preserving teeth.

CHARACTER: Baby's brain—Obedience in the cradle—Unnecessary commands—Habits acquired—Breathing—Mastication—Heavenly lolling—Stammering.

WHEN BABY IS ILL: Report for doctor—Taking the temperature—Quack medicines—Adenoids—Bleeding from the nose—Bow legs—Bronchitis—Burns and Scalds—Chicken-pox—Chilblains—Circumcision—Club foot—Nasal catarrh (colds)—Colic—Convulsions—Croup—Cuts—Diarrhœa—Diphtheria—Dysentery—Earache—Eczema—Eyes—Feverish attacks—Foreign bodies in Throat, air passage, stomach, ear, nose, eye—German measles—Glands—Heart disease—Hare lip—Hiccough—Hip disease—Indigestion—Infantile paralysis—Jaundice—Measles—Mumps—Nettlerash—Poliomil—Poisoning—Quinsy—Red gum—Restless sleep—Rheumatism—Rickets—Ringworm—Rupture—Scarlatina—Sore buttocks—St. Vitus's dance—Stomach ache—Thrush—Tonsils—Vaccination—Vomiting—Wetting the bed—Whooping cough—Wind—Worms.

If you have a Baby—or expect a Baby Send now for the Glaxo Baby Book

One mother writes: "I wish to thank you so much for the help I have had from the Glaxo Baby Book. I could not explain what a help and comfort it has been—everything you can think of is in it." *You* will find this book just as comforting, just as great a help, every day. Its 136 pages are packed with practical information about Baby; not a thing is overlooked that you may need to know during the first three years of Baby's life. Glance at the list of contents, and read what these mothers say: "If at any time I am in doubt, I turn it up and am soon at ease." "Worth many times the price." Handsomely bound in stiff, grey cover, it costs only **1/2**, if applied for on the coupon below. Send for it to-day!

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State on the coupon the month you expect Baby, and we will send, in addition to the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book, but without extra charge, an invaluable little booklet "BEFORE BABY COMES." It points out the simple, easily followed rules of health that, for your Baby's sake and your own, you *must* observe.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To GLAXO (Dept. 36), 56, OSNABURGH ST., LONDON, N.W.1

FOR 1/2 (P.O. or Stamps), we will send you the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book and other mother-helps. In addition, we will send to expectant mothers, *without extra charge*, our booklet, "BEFORE BABY COMES," if they state the month they expect Baby. *Make P.O. payable to "Glaxo" and cross "& Co." Keep the counterfoil.*

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....*County* .....

I have a Baby aged .....

I expect Baby in ..... (*state month*).

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."— John Bull, *19th August, 1916.*

A Living Wage!—About 50 ex-Service men are engaged in making football pitches in Home Park, Hampton, and their wages have recently been reduced from 37s. 6d. per week to 33s. 4d., notwithstanding they are required to put in another five hours in the week. Most of the men are married, and they contend that the new rate is not a living wage. Nor is it.

Can You Offer a Job?:—Can anybody find a job for ex-Lance Corporal J. Dervin, D.C.M., late of 1st Manchesters, with regular Army service from 1904 in India, South Africa, France (wounded at Ypres) Mesopotamia and Palestine until demobilisation in 1919? "I eventually got work as a postman in Manchester," he says, "but had a fit while on duty, and after medical examination was discharged. A local Medical Board examined me and said there was something wrong with my heart, but I have received no treatment and no pension, and at 35 I have to exist on the dole." Hard cheese, isn't it?

R.I.C.s on the Rocks:—The representative meeting of ex-members of the Royal Irish Constabulary at Bath emphasises the Government's mistreatment everywhere of the men who have served their turn in Ireland. Many of them, demobilised two months ago and now in need, are told by the authorities that their claims to gratuities, compensation or pension will not be settled until the Budget in April. The Bath men, some 20 in number, have passed a strong resolution in respect of their grievances, and Captain C. T. Foxcroft, M.P., is to be asked to voice them to the powers that be.

New Zealand N.B.G.:—A Tommy who was sent out to New Zealand two years ago under the Overseas Settlement scheme sends us a sorry description of life in that land of fair promise but faulty performance. He has been out of work eight months himself, and finds at least forty others in the same boat after every job he applies for. What hurts him more than anything is the scowling reception ex-Service men from home get when they land, and the contemptuous epithet "Woodbine" with which they are dubbed by the New Zealanders.

Piecrust Promises:—Bearing in mind the promise that ex-Service men would be given preference over others in the public services, a man who enlisted the day war was declared, was twice wounded and finally captured by Fritz in 1917, accepted a part-time post at a Post Office Telephone Exchange at 11s. a week. As he has a wife and two children to keep, he was glad to hear there was a vacancy for a full-time night operator, but when he applied for this he was told that another man of military age but with no service, who is already in a full-time position, has other sources of income but no children to spend it on, had a prior claim. In Heaven's name, how?

Going to the Bow-wows:—The men of the 3rd Battalion of the Worcesters, at Fyzabad, tell us that "this fine battalion is going to the dogs for want of common sense." If fifty per cent. of the complaints in their letter are true, we quite agree.

Women in Men's Jobs:—It is nothing short of a public scandal that so many women are still being retained in jobs that could well be filled by ex-soldiers. Some of them are in public offices. At Usk (Mon.), for example, a lady acts as Assistant Overseer, and in the S.W. suburbs another officiates as Collector of Taxes. Many of the multiple shops still employ girls to do the work that only men did before the war. To make a fetish of cheap labour at the expense of the nation's heroes is not playing the game.

Economy Run Mad:—In their eagerness to economise, the Ministry of Pensions have seen fit to reduce the salaries of the clerical staff of the Herts War Pensions Committee by six shillings a week at two days' notice. That is to say, the clerks had actually worked four days out of the six before they received the notices. As the law of the land provides for a week's notice, it remains to be seen whether the Ministry can coolly override that law. Affecting as it does mainly ex-Service men, the action is as inexcusable as it is mean and paltry.

Smaller Army—More Men:—We recently commented on the obvious inconsistency, not to say culpable idiocy, of accepting hundreds of cadets in military academies when whole regiments are being abolished, and these embryo officers may find no men to command. Now, when still greater cuts are threatened, the Army Council go to the expense of printing and circulating an attractively prepared booklet setting forth in glowing periods the advantages of the Army to skilled tradesmen. But the booklet fails to furnish a plausible explanation of the peculiar War Office theory that the more the Army is reduced the greater is the number of men required.

"Is Anyone Starving"?—James Ibbetson, an ex-Soldier, of Leeds, now a platelayer on the local tramway system, was down with malaria on February 2nd, but next day managed to stagger to work at 7.30 a.m., only to find there was none for him, the weather being too bad, as it remained for several days, on each of which he turned up. For this he was credited with 3½ hours for the week, which, less 1s. 2d. National Insurance, amounted to 3s. 7d. Although he has never drawn "dole," the Labour Exchange refused to make up the amount to a reasonable wage or to help him in any way. So, as he has no pension, the poor chap has "nothing to eat to go to work on." Had Sir Alfred Mond heard of such cases when he cynically asked: "Is anyone starving?"

The King's Sorrow:—His Majesty the King has expressed his regret at the cutting out of his Irish Regiments—and well he might, for the corps in question have about the finest fighting records in our Army. We understand that all the cavalry regiments higher in number than the 10th are to be reduced. Of course the 10th are the P. W. O. Hussars, in which our princes serve—the "Shiners," the "Chainy Tenth," and many other things by nickname. We congratulate them on their continued existence.

The Lion's Claws:—Who is responsible for this clipping of the British Lion's claws at a time when dark clouds of trouble are drifting and criss-crossing our political sky? Our Cabinet Ministers tell us that there can be no more war for years to come; but who cares a straw for the opinion of the town-bred Cabinet Minister who is too haughty to listen to the advice of the trusted official "out there" who sees, and hears, and *knows?* India, Egypt, Ireland, Africa and other places promise Tommy lots of prospective hard work, and yet we are deliberately, with our eyes open, scrapping our means of defence. "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad!"

Quite a Change.:—Time was when the British Tommy was regarded by the Indian native as a superior being. But now, so far back has the pendulum swung, that the Indian sweeper—the very lowest caste in the country—may curse and threaten Tommy with violence, and if the proud and sturdy English man of war resents by giving the native one under the chin the result is anything up to six months' detention. We are out for fair play for the native; but this sort of thing makes the latter believe that he is a better man than the British soldier—which is not quite a healthy state of coffee-coloured mentality.

"Ole Clo'!"—An Army Order states that in view of the reduction in the price of civilian clothing, the allowance which as from 1st April next will be granted towards the provision of plain clothes on discharge or transfer to the Army Reserve, will be 37s. for non-European officers of local forces and warrant officers (class 1 and 2); 21s. for non-commissioned officers not below sergeant; and 16s. for rank and file. Why not make a contract with Mallaby Deely and save money. Sixteen bob for a full rig out! Has the Geddes axe been blunted?

Our Daily "Thank You."—From G. A. H. Crouch:—"For two years and six months we tried to get our late son's allowances. Then we placed the matter in your hands, and eight days afterwards we had the money. Our hearts are too full almost to offer you thanks. You have saved our home from destruction."

Your Easter Gift from "John Bull"

FOR FULL PARTICULARS *see page iv.*

If your "dark cloud" has no "silver lining"—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

8/- per line. Minimum 3 lines.

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ASTHMATICS.—You cannot afford to neglect the use of DR. DOUGLAS' MAORI CIGARETTES, the proved remedy of 40 years' standing. 2/6 per box.—Maori Depot, Scone, Scotland.

COSTUME and Suiting Cloths, Serges, Tweeds, Gabardines, from 5/- per yd. State Costumes or Suitings required. Patts. free.—Worsted Mfg. Co. (A.), 81, Exchange, Huddersfield.

LEATHER.—A whole side of our noted Tannage for 20/-. Smaller samples, enough for 6 Men's or 8 Ladies' Soles, Extra Stout, 5/-; Stout, 4/-; Medium, 3/6. All post free. Money returned if not satisfied.—Williams and Co. (Dept. J.B.), The Yard, Merthyr.

VIOLIN, BOW AND CASE, 35/-. Exceptional value. Unobtainable elsewhere. Catalogue for P.C.—Willmott, 259, Caledonian Road, N.1.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 50s: no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

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"CATALOGUE, PLEASE."—This short message will secure for you a book that is a veritable Cycle Emporium—as interesting as your favourite book. "Captain" Cycles at staggering prices! Tyres! the value of which has "winded" many a firm. Brimful of bargains. Thousands of Cycle Accessories. Nothing overlooked to cut down unreasonable cycling expenses. Fitzpatrick Catalogue—a mighty fine production.—Just address, H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-Skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, hospital orderlies, armourers, etc. Ages 18 to 30 ex-Servicemen, and 18 to 26 civilians. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage Allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children. For particulars write, stating age, or call, R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, or 208, Bath Street, Glasgow, or Crown Buildings, James Watt Street, Birmingham.

£300, £400, £500 salary for Certified Bookkeepers; postal tuition, 5s. monthly; success guaranteed two exams.; prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6; 1,000 Memos. 10/-; Handbills, 11/-. Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery, Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

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GLOVE LEATHER, sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

THAT FREE SAMPLE of "Mend-a-Tear" will "add years to your life," for it shows how tears can be repaired *without stitches*, in a moment.—Send 2d. stamp to Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

AMAZING WATCH OFFER!—The "Everrite" Pocket Lever, 8-plate, 15-jewelled keyless movement, 5 years' warranty, 25/-. This wonderful watch is fully illustrated and described in H. Samuel's big book of 3,000 bargains in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc. Write for the Free Book to-day, and save money by buying direct from the factory. Any article posted on receipt of remittance for a full month's trial. —H. Samuel, Ltd. 199, Market St., Manchester.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send to-day for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

STAMMERING.—The new discovery embodied in my successful instruction. Testimonial received from Eton, Rugby, Uppingham, Lancing and Christ's Hospital, Public Schools.—Mr. J. H. Miall, 6, Norris Street, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

£40 WILL start you as a Motor Jobmaster with a dependable 15-h.p. Charron Private Hire Landaulette. Sound and remunerative proposition, becoming your own property in one year. Instalments £10 only monthly.—Hertford Co., Ltd., 5, New Burlington Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

CHEAP Artistic Printing.—Billheads from 6/- 1,000; Handbills, Memos, etc. Samples free.—Ivanhoe Press, Dept. K., Saltburn-by-Sea.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 58 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

INCREASE your prospects by means of a course of Postal Tuition in important Commercial Subjects. Low fees. Prospectus post free. —London School of Commerce, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

BOY SCOUT Knife with chain, 6d., post free. Boys' Serge Caps, well lined, 1/2, post free.—Lewis, 5, Abchurch Yard, E.C.4.

TYPEWRITER.—Wanted, manufacturing or sole selling rights of improved simple Typewriter. Must be capable of being sold at a popular price.—Reply by letter to A.C.D., 51, Coventry House, South Place, London, E.C.2.

Georges Carpentier

(*The Famous Boxer*)

AND THE

BARRY SERVICE

Photo by Personality Photo Press.
CARPENTIER in the D.B. REEFER SUIT we made for him.

Photo by Personality Photo Press.
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED BLUE SERGE SUIT.

WE recently had the privilege of fitting Georges Carpentier with a complete outfit of clothing. We show two of the suits thus made. Carpentier, as the world knows, is an athlete, a lithe, supple figure; a young sapling with the sturdiness of the oak. It required a deep inside knowledge of the tailoring art to produce the results here shown.

YOU MAY HAVE EQUALLY WELL FITTING CLOTHES AS CARPENTIER THROUGH THE BARRY SERVICE

AND AT ONE-HALF THE COST FOR EQUAL QUALITY TAILORING ELSEWHERE.

Patterns Free of BARRY SPECIALITIES ALL TO MEASURE

The only big firm of mail-order tailors doing positively no ready-made suit or overcoat trade.

£6 : 6 : 0
ALL-WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK BLUE SERGE SUIT
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
Certified All-wool by Bradford Corporation Testing House Certificate

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The sure guarantee.
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£10 : 10 : 0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5 : 5 : 0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.

£3 : 3 : 0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
£1 : 10 : 0

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

£12 : 12 : 0
BOND STREET DRESS SUIT for
£6 : 6 : 0
The Perfection of Evening Dress Wear.

FIT, FINISH & WORKMANSHIP ARE EVER PARAMOUNT CONSIDERATIONS WITH US

FREE SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS OF ALL THESE WONDERFUL VALUES

THE SILENT TAILOR

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.

YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEKING OUR PATTERNS—and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. **WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.**

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & CO., Exclusive Measure Tailors

(J.B.) 16, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Georgian Tram & Tube Terminus.)

The Neatest and Prettiest Watch on the Market.

Fits any Wrist. Genuine Gold-Filled, Warranted 5 years. High Grade Jewelled Movement. Accurate Timekeeper.

Price only **20/-** Post Free

NEVER before has such a wonderful watch bargain been offered to readers of JOHN BULL. Stocks are limited and when exhausted cannot be renewed. So if you want to secure a watch honestly worth £4 4s. 0d. for less than a quarter its real value—you must act quickly.

THIS GENUINE GOLD FILLED WATCH IS SOLD UNDER THE 'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE—SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL.

These Watches can also be inspected at JOHN BULL Advt. Dept., 57, Long Acre.

SPECIAL OFFER

We wish every reader to take advantage of this most exceptional Bargain. If, therefore, you are unable to forward full amount at once, merely send 2/6 Deposit and pay balance as desired.

Send your Order Now. Register Treasury Notes and P.O's. to ensure safety.

THE PARAMOUNT WATCH CO.
(Dept. J.B.),
37, Berners St., Oxford St., London, W. 1

HE WAS BALD

The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of preparing a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound while trading in the North-Western States of America.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely covered with luxuriant growth, which Mr. Brittain retained as shown in the photo above. He was bald for years and had tried many hair lotions and treatments without benefit.

HIS HAIR GREW

The mixture called Kotalko is prepared according to the genuine formula and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. Kotalko has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hairs from falling out. It eliminates scurf as well. Either sex may use it. Legions of testimonials.

A BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a testing box of Kotalko may obtain one post paid by sending sixpence in stamps or postal order to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (83F.), London, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow, even if you have been bald for years, you may obtain a further supply at a modicum.

LEARN GREGG SHORTHAND

the System that succeeds where others fail. Easy, quick, and certain. The World's Champion Shorthand Writer uses 'Gregg.'

Send 2d. stamp for FREE Booklets and first two lessons.

The Gregg Publishing Co.,
7, Garrick St., London, W.C.2.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD.

"OW are yer, Sir? Come in. I'm glad to see yer, as the cook said to the pleeceman. Wot'll you 'ave—a n'air-cut or shave? . . . *A moderate trim?* Cert'n'y, sir. This chair, *if* you please. Moderate—that's a good word, Sir. Pity some of our politicians don't make more use of it, and act up to it, Sir. A moderate trim you shall 'ave, an' no larks. Neether too short nor too long—an' that's the long and the short of it. (*Snip-snip*) Are things lookin' a bit brighter in Ireland now, Sir? . . . *'Ow do I know you know anythink about Ireland?* Well, I 'appen to know 'oo you are, Sir Hamar—that's all. 'Ow's 'er ladyship? . . . I'm glad to 'ear it. Wonderful woman, that! She must 'ave some pluck to 'ave gorn through wot she went through in Ireland along with you.

* * *

Well, Sir, things look as though they're simmerin' down in Ireland at larst, although Craig 'as 'ad to send for Field-Marshal Sir 'Enery Wilson to sort things out in Ulster. If things *is* smoothed over in due course, and the 'ot-'eaded Irish settle down an' live in peace with one another, I reckon *you'll* 'ave brought it about as much as anybody . . . (*snip-snip*) I looks on you as the most successful Irish Secretary of modern times. True, the Irish 'ave won a sorter independence jurin' your term of office, but so far as I'm concerned they're welcome to that. I don't think it matters, as the lady said w'en she broke a suspender. There's compensations. There's other links besides the old Union, wot was a thorn in the side of the Nationalists. There's mutual trade interests, wot ought to flourish now. Any'ow, you've 'elped to keep Ireland in the Empire, w'ich is the thing wot reely matters. As soon as Ulster settles down Ireland oughter be all right. I said *oughter* be—but we know wot the Irish are (*snip-snip*).

* * *

I'm wonderin' a bit about your fucher, now, Sir. You've shown yourself too good a statesman to be wasted—and I'm anti-waste, as the chap said w'en 'is gal arsked 'im to give 'er a squeeze. You've showed firmness an' any amount o' pluck. Now, wot sorter job can we shove you into without bungin' a square peg into a round 'ole, w'ich is wot the Guv'ment does as a rule? Wot member o' the Cabinet could we easiest do without? To make room for you, I mean, Sir. . . (*snip-snip*). No, I wouldn't go so fur as to say we could do without all of 'em, Sir, as the suffragitte said w'en talkin' about us pore men. But there's one I wouldn't shed no scaldin' tears over if 'e was to join a Arctic expedition, an' that's Shortt, the 'Ome Secretary. A little bird told me—oh, you needn't look so shocked, Sir. I don't mean that sorter bird. A little bird told me that it wouldn't be long before Shortt 'anded in 'is papers, went up 'igher, or took a judgeship, or suthink. That'll be your chawnce, Sir. 'Ome Secretary—thet's wot you're cut out for (*snip-snip*). You wouldn't put up with no nonsense about the Borstal System an' things like thet, I'm shore . . . Any'ow, I 'ope to see you at the 'Ome Office before long, Sir . . . 'Ow will thet soot yer? . . . I'm glad to 'ear it. Much erbliged.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Brightlingsea Advertiser":—"Many of our townspeople will be pleased when the clocks are put BACK, thus giving them AN EXTRA HOUR'S DAYLIGHT for their evening walks."

"Irish Times":—"Their overwhelming superiority encourages the most SANGUINARY hopes for the success of the Australians."

"Star":—"He is described by the police as being A NATIVE OF DUBLIN, BORN IN NEW YORK."

"West London Press":—"The wife . . . was wearing A RED TOQUE AND A MAUVE HAT."

"Pall Mall Gazette":—"This meddlesome interference with harmless amusement and the continued prosecutions for MENIAL offences must distract the police from their proper duties."

"Daily Mail":—(in an insurance form):—"SIGNATURE. . . . Address. . . . (NAME and address IN CAPITALS)."

"Portsmouth Evening News" (advertisement):—"An experienced HOUSEMAID, to sleep in.—Apply, LICENSE FOR RANK; GOOD CONDITION, £120 OR OFFER."

"Lloyd's Weekly News":—"Whitaker is a clever and capable HORSE over the last trying mile of the horseman, but HIS AGE IS FIFTY-ONE, and that does not commend itself to me for this herculean task.

"Nottingham Evening Post":—"Piano tuner. Wanted NOW AND AGAIN AT ONCE."

"St. Mary Cray, Orpington and District Times" (advertisement):—"Experienced Paperhanger, Painter, requires WORK OR GARDENING."

"Southend Telegraph":—"(She) wondered . . . if she would have granted the favour had MINNIE not been Jack's BROTHER."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE——."

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Helped to Better Things:—A widow with three youngsters, lived in an insanitary barn in very poor circumstances. A cottage was offered them; but they needed the wherewithal for removal, etc.—which we gladly sent.

The Woman Helps:—A man with a wife and several children is without employment. After several months of gloom a ray of sunshine came—the woman was offered work. But before she could accept it she had to get her boots and clothing out of pawn—which we saw to.

Badly Stricken:—Herself suffering from consumption, a poor woman supported her workless husband and two children. One of the latter is now ill, and the mother is again about to be confined. The husband's small pension is the only income.

Of the "Sunken Tenth":—Man has a wife and six children under 14 years of age. He is a casual worker who struggles hard—but jobs are few now, and he was in despair until he heard from us.

How Is It Done?—Without the "dole," out of work, a man has a pension of 13s. 6d. a week, on which to support himself, his wife, and four youngsters. Naturally they do not indulge in luxuries; in fact, they were short of food when the mother came to us.

SACRIFICE AND SUFFERING.

While the glamours of war surrounded us, no one would have thought it possible that a man should sacrifice the best years of his life in the service of his country when those strong of heart were needed in her defence and live to suffer the deepest privations in days of peace. Yet this is a fact which is brought home to us with poignant forcefulness week by week. Here is a typical example. The South African War called Patrick Clarke, of Burnley, to the Colours in the hey-day of his youth, and he went through that campaign with the East Lancashire Regiment. When in 1914 Europe was destined to be drenched in blood, he was in the vanguard of the immortal "Contemptibles" and was not released from military service until two years ago. His Army record is an unblemished one, and his Commanding Officer gives him the character of a hard-working man.

Workless and Despairing.

Here, surely, is a man who deserves well of his country. Yet we find him in a pitiable state of distress. His only child, the last surviving of a family of five, was lying unburied in his humble abode, and his wife was expected to bring another little one into the world at any moment. The dreary days of hopeless search for employment had denuded the home of the barest necessities of life, and there was actually not a scrap of food in the house. Immediate assistance was imperative, and through the benefactors of our fund we were able to supply it. There are countless similar cases, and we look to you to relieve them.

MORE CASES HELPED.

A Hampered "Handy Man":—Discharged from the Navy without pension, an ex-petty officer is now home in London vainly looking for employment. With his little family he was in great distress, which was not lessened by his landlord's threat of eviction. We hauled him off the strand.

In the Shark's Maw:—To pay for his wife's confinement, a workless ex-soldier with four children borrowed from a rapacious money-lender. When the inevitable hour struck, the defaulting debtor was faced with ruin. However, he remembered our Fund. Pity is that he did not do so before he visited the shark.

Not a Loan Club:—We would, however, point out to many of our applicants that ours is not a loan fund, and therefore we cannot satisfy the requests for "temporary advances" of anything from £25 to £500 that we find in our post-bag daily. It is sufficiently difficult for us to relieve the homeless, the hungry and naked and those who are, in the words of the Church, "sick and weak."

WITH MANY THANKS.

B. A. (Dundee), £1; Mrs. A. H. M., 18s. 6d.; S. C. E., 10s.; C. R. (Clacton-on-Sea), 5s.; Mrs. N. B. (Fairfield), 6s.; "Kit and Billy" (Battersea), 5s.; Mr. F. M. (Bexhill-on-Sea), 5s.; "Gratias Deo," 5s.; "Nell," 2s.; C. T. P., 2s. 6d.; "Coca," 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Fred" (Birmingham), 2s.; "Hopefulness," 5s.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; F. W. G. (Hayes End), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. L. (Lowestoft), 1s.; E. W. McK. (Southwark), 1s.; S. H. S. (Gloucester), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. E. S. (North Devon), 1s.; "Mite," 1s.; "Hamish," 1s.; "A Friend," 1s.; K. P. (Southsea), 1s.; "Unlucky Bulleteer," 6d.; Anon., 9d.; Anon. (Rochdale), 6d.; "Z," £1; F. D. (Reddish), 4s.; Mrs. A. M. B., 1s.; E. C. P., 1s.; E. H., 1s.; W. O., 1s.; J. T., 1s.; W. H. B. (Pembroke), 1s. 6d.; "Struggling Competitor," 6d.; M. T., 6d.; B. W. S. (Lowestoft), 6d.; G. W. C. (Hong Kong), 10s.; "A Wellwisher" (Shepherd's Bush), 2s.; A. L. P. (Guernsey), 2s. 6d.

Why pay Fire Insurance Premiums? Accept our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 20.

HOW HOSPITALS CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISORDERS.

Alice Landles, qualified nurse, says: Drink saltrated water for permanent results.

This is the time hospitals experience a rush of dangerous functional disorder cases. During the cold winter months, a heavy, heat-producing diet is the rule, and the system becomes loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste and poisonous impurities, which clog the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow stomach, kidney, bladder, and skin troubles, rheumatism, neuralgic headache, backache, catarrh, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy, and Bright's disease. Toxins and bacteria excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of disease-resisting vitality, and you have no energy to do anything, or say you are irritable, sleep badly, and have weak nerves from overwork, worry, etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. Otherwise you could not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a level teaspoonful of refined *Alkia Saltrates* in a half-tumbler of water, and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. This pleasant-tasting and remarkably curative substance can be supplied at slight cost by any good chemist.—A. L.

WHOOPING COUGH

The Ideal Family Remedy cures a Whole Family of Little Sufferers.

Mrs. York's Children.

Mrs. York, of 2, King's Road, Rushden, Northants, says: "I shall always praise Veno's Lightning Cough Cure for the good it has done my children. Some years ago one of my little boys caught whooping cough, and was very ill indeed. The attacks came on in the night, and I had constantly to be on the alert ready to run to his assistance. My husband suggested Veno's. He had taken it himself, and knew its value. So I got some, and very soon there was improvement and quickly the child recovered his normal health. Since then Veno's has cured my other children of the same ailment. It is quite wonderful. Children like it too."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS.
LUNG TROUBLES.
NASAL CATARRH.
BRONCHITIS.
ASTHMA

1/3 A BOTTLE.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.
WHOOPING COUGH.
BLOOD SPITTING.
HOARSENESS
INFLUENZA.

Large size, 3/-. The 2/- size is the more economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the World over.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

BOVRIL

EASY TERMS & REALLY GOOD TAILORING

Perfect-Fitting LOUNGE SUIT or Ladies' Costume FROM

£3:3:

To Measure.

Supplied on First Payment of 6/-. Balance 5/- Monthly.

Smart and serviceable cloths, perfectly cut, excellently made and carefully finished.

Call at any of our Establishments for FREE PATTERNS and Style Booklet and judge for yourself the value we are giving, or write Dept. J.B., stating if suit or costume patterns are required and they will be sent FREE, together with our simple self-measurement form.

2/- in the £ discount if you pay cash.

We can fit you perfectly by post.

BENSONS

57, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
182, FENCHURCH ST., E.C. (opposite Hood Lane)
142, STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre)
68, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street)
84, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (next to Stadium)
262, GOLDHAWK RD., W. (Nr. Sherbert's R. Emp.)
71, 73, 75a, GARDEN RD., GARDEN TOWN, N.W.
Benson & Co., Ltd. *Est. 1908.*

Not a freak Campaign

THE campaign against Venereal Disease is not a campaign run by cranks and faddists. It has been undertaken by responsible people who are appalled at the loss to the country of both life and wealth caused through Syphilis and Gonorrhœa.

The more that is known about these diseases so are the ranks of the campaigners increased by others who desire to remove this National burden.

Are you prepared to do your share? All we ask is for you to become acquainted with the terrible danger of these diseases; how they are contracted, and how they can be prevented.

Free information and literature can be obtained (in strict confidence and plain cover) from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, at 34A, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects). 1/3 post free.

GRAVES

COMPLETE SERVICE OF GENUINE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY & PLATE.

delivered to all approved orders for 5/- with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 5/- if entailed. Money refunded if disappointed. Service comprises:—6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 per Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon. Blades of Finest Sheffield Steel, Ivory finished Ivorette handles. Spoons and Forks of Columbian Silver which wears white all through. Write for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers— J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Are you nearing a breakdown?

ARE you easily worried or depressed? Are you weighed down beneath a load of troubles, real and imaginary? Are you often irritable—morose—unable to concentrate? If so, you are suffering from nerve-strain, and, unless you quickly take yourself in hand, Neurasthenia will claim you for a victim.

I guarantee to make you "Fit."

My special treatment for Nerve Weakness has proved a veritable godsend to tens of thousands of sufferers. Pleasantly and inevitably it leads one back to a state of perfect health, happiness and mental efficiency. If your nerves are in any way affected, whether as a result of "shell shock" or the pressure of modern business conditions, you will find a message of hope in the pages of my book entitled "Your Golden Opportunity," a copy of which I will gladly send you without charge.

Get my Free Book To-day.

In writing enclose a 3d. stamp and mention your ailments—you will then receive a free diagnosis and opinion on your case without fee or obligation.

THOMAS INCH
(Health Specialist),
Dept. R., PUTNEY,
LONDON, S.W. 15.

No More Facial Eczema

Facial eczema is irritating, disfiguring, makes life a misery, and is a bar to social and business success. Antexema conquers eczema in any part of the body. The first touch gives ease and comfort and soon your trouble is ended. Just the same with face spots, chaps, chilblains, bad hands, bad legs, rash, scalp troubles, and all other sore, irritated or blotchy skin conditions-Antexema quickly cures them.

All chemists and stores, also Boots, Lewis & Burrows', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Parke's supply Antexema at 3/- and 1/3, or direct post free 3/- and 1/6.

Absolutely Free

A Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier, together with our booklet "Skin Troubles," will be sent to all readers who sign this form or write to Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull, 25/3/22. .....

This Coupon may mean £500 a year to you!

HUNDREDS of men and women are making big incomes in their spare time by writing advertisements. We can show you how to earn £10 or more a week in this way.

START MAKING MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

If you can write a letter you can learn to write an advertisement, and, given the proper guidance, nothing can stop you from reaching the top of the tree. The first step is to get a copy of "The Art of Advertising," which, together with specimen Lesson, will be sent you FREE if you use the coupon below. This book is full of valuable information, suggestions and ideas on the subject. Advertising is the only profession that is not overcrowded. It offers you *your* opportunity. Seize it!

A. G. Shaw Institute of Advertising, 37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY!

COUPON.

To the Secretary,
A. G. Shaw Institute of Advertising,
37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

Please send me FREE of cost or obligation a copy of "The Art of Advertising," and Free Lesson as per your offer in "John Bull."

Name.....
Address.....
J. B. .....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

W. A. A. (King's Langley).—"I enjoy your sarcastic remarks in 'Letter Bag' and elsewhere." None elsewhere unless people ask for them.

"BULLET THROWER" (Belfast).—"You do not seem to limit in any way those who may write to you." We do not, and if you had given us your name and address your recent letter would have been sweetly answered by post.

"BRIGHTON BLOSSOM."—"By the way, are you married?" Considerably.

"JUSTICE" (Salisbury).—We certainly see no reason why Captain Peel should be imprisoned in the Second Division, while as to his wife, the less said the better.

M. R. J. (Hoylake).—"Let's have back that nice pale yellow cover JOHN BULL used to have." Not a bad idea, and if it costs more no doubt you'll pay the difference.

"CHEERFUL."—If after a chapter of troubles which reads like the Book of Job, you can still call yourself "cheerful" you are a man in a thousand. What's your secret?

"CRITIC."—You are quite right to call attention to anything in this journal which you consider open to moral objection. But you're a bit sniffy, aren't you?

R. R. (Blackwater).—"I love dogs, and hate to see them dragged along on a lead." So do we, and are delighted when, as sometimes happens, the dog makes the pace.

T. A. (Clifton).—"Only once have I ever found a mistake in your paper." Probably that was on the Sub.-Editor's birthday.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN" (King's Norton).—"I know at least half a dozen flappers who admire you enormously." Pray desist, or you will excite the jealousy of our female staff.

J. C. (Nottingham).—"Just purge yourself of those warped and distorted ideas which seem to be so thoroughly inculcated into your system." By all means; glad you mentioned it.

E. E. T. (Umberslade).—"I believe that many times you have caused the widows' hearts to sing." If you mean that for impertinence, we've had enough of it.

"LABOURER" (Seaton).—"I was glad to see that you put something in about the working man's beer." We did so in the belief that most of our readers possess a normal thirst.

R. K. R. (Hexham).—"Believe me, the war was premeditated years ago." And predicted, in JOHN BULL at any rate.

"BLUE-BLACK."—"I suppose you can't think of everything." Like your cheek!

E. M. (Golders Green, N.W.).—"Have you a vacancy on your staff for a student of high ideals and brilliant imagination?" Sorry, but we're bunged up with that sort already.

W. C. L. (Clacton-on-Sea).—It is no doubt a fair inference that the sausages which killed your cat were "unfit for human consumption." You seem horribly reckless.

"JUMPERITIS" (Nottingham).—"Are there any figures as to who knitted the largest number of socks for soldiers during the war?" Not that we know of, but we understood the honour belonged to Sister Susie.

T. A. (Invergowrie).—"Can you recommend a book on the art of hypnotism?" Afraid we can't, and we would warn you, moreover, that that sort of thing often has a sticky finish.

"NO SCHOLAR" (Carlisle).—"Is 'Northants' short for North Hampshire or Northamptonshire?" In one word, as you put it, it is short for Northamptonshire—the abbreviation for North Hampshire being "North Hants."

"PUZZLED."—"If an irresistible force met an immovable object——" Shurrup!

T. A. T. (King's Cross, W.C.).—"Can you tell me how much the man who invented 'Put and Take' made out of it?" We could, but have been asked not to split.

"EX-SOLDIER" (London).—Your nice rude letter duly to hand. Feel better?

A. T. (Stockbridge).—"I often do a good round swear." All right as far as we are concerned, but don't forget that according to a recent decision you may be charged with using "obscene language" in your own house.

J. A. (Portsmouth).—"I am an old salt——" You're an old reprobate from the way you write.

"STUDENT."—Between ourselves, we are just a wee bit tired of your Scripture texts, but if you cannot stop without breaking a blood-vessel, pray keep on and never mind our feelings.

"LIMELIGHTER" (Tooting, S.W.).—If, as you suggest, you are in possession of a first-class theatrical scandal, you had better send us fuller particulars. But stick to the truth.

MR. FRANK WOOLNER (1, Back Jewell Street, Bradford), late of the 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regiment, asks us to say that he would much like to hear from any of his old comrades in the war.

"FLOSSIE" (St. Helens).—"I am a fish merchant's daughter brought up to love and know my place." Very nice too, although not strictly our business, if we may say so with great respect.

A. T. R. (Newark).—"I am a long reader of your paper." Your precise longitudinal dimensions would be most interesting.

"MISS MUFFET."—We note as the explanation of your thirty-five page letter that at the moment of writing you were "inspired"—which enables us to correct the office boy, who suggested that you were "potty."

M. C. (Edinburgh).—"Do you consider my poem is worth a guinea to any paper?" We think a pound would be plenty.

MRS. M. C. (Brixton, S.W.).—We do not care to publish full details of your affair with the fishmonger. Bit smelly!

MISS E. R. (Kew).—"Why shouldn't servants be called young ladies?" No objection on our part; one who called here last week was made an awful fuss of.

"MOVIE MISS" (Dudley).—"Does one have to be pretty to become a cinema actress?" It is not, perhaps, absolutely essential, but if you intend to take up the work seriously you had better be prepared to spend a bit on your face.

F. N. (Wolverhampton).—"My employer put about the tale that I was lazy." Afraid, on our present information, we cannot put about the tale that you're not.

MRS. A. C. (Kelty).—"I am not much of a writer, as you can see." Perhaps not, but you're a mighty ink-slinger.

"MARY" (Lancashire).—"I am awfully fond of bananas." Shows you have a pure soul.

W. W. (Norwich).—"No doubt you think I might keep my nose out of your business." On the contrary, it is such a pleasant proboscis that we positively welcome its friendly touch.

MISS F. R. R. (Evesham).—"Enclosed is a poem." So glad you told us.

"VERITAS" (Brightlingsea).—"I enclose a list of things I should like to see put right, and you are the man to do it." The latter statement is undoubtedly true, but the list stamps you as a kill-joy fanatic, so you've come to the wrong shop.

W. S. (Kingsway, W.C.).—Afraid it would be beyond us to fix things up between yourself and your wife. Perhaps the Vicar would butt in if you asked him politely.

A. H. B. (Sheffield).—Before emigrating to Australia, we would suggest that you seek advice from the Overseas Settlement office at 6, St. James's Square, S.W. 1, who are always willing to offer guidance to those who think of settling in the Dominions.

A. K.—If you had given us your address we would have endeavoured to answer your questions by post, even if we had had to sit up all night studying the Encyclopædia Britannica.

"KILTIE."—Afraid we can offer no precise information as to the correct length of a Gordon Highlander's kilt. The subject is a little delicate for public discussion.

"YORKSHIRE LASSIE" (Newcastle).—Probably you could obtain a copy of your marriage certificate from Somerset House on payment of the usual fee. Anyone been making rude suggestions?

"RANEE" (Falmouth).—"A very great many of my friends never go to church." We are shocked, naturally, although, to be candid, many of ours are of the same heathenish persuasion.

R. R. B. (Royston).—"Don't you agree I have a right to voice my opinion?" Within limits, certainly, but if, as it appears, you require a page of JOHN BULL for the purpose, we should expect you to pay for it.

"OLD 'UN" (Biggin Hill).—Your experience recalls the illustrious example of Mr. Sam Weller who, according to his father, got his education "running the streets."

P. P. W. (Cranleigh).—"Last week out of pure curiosity I bought a copy of JOHN BULL." If we may venture a guess, you will buy it for the next month or two out of sustained interest, and twelve months hence from whole-hearted devotion.

N. N. C. (Sutton).—"The waitress brought me beer instead of lemonade." Perhaps she went by your face.

"LIVERPUDLIAN" (Bermudas).—"The name of JOHN BULL resounds in all the world's spheres." That's a bull's eye.

R. A. (Stoke St. Mary).—"I wrote you last week on the unnatural evil of tobacco smoking." You did, and, if we must confess, we used your letter to light our pipe with.

"SEE-SAW."—"I maintain that there isn't a word that will rhyme with idiosyncrasy." Thank Heaven for that!

"SPOUTER" (Tooting).—"Where does the light go when you turn it out?" Being no good at riddles, we have passed this on to the office boy to tease the girls with.

H. C. (Stepney, E.).—We note your opinion—to which, at any rate, you have had the pluck to put your name—that we are "stupid, idiotic and filthy-minded." Bless your old face!

A. K. T. (Gainsborough).—"If you publish this article, please keep my name off it." Certainly, if you wish it, although between ourselves it is the best thing in the article.

"GROUSER."—I expect you will get back on me for this in your 'Letter Bag.' Evidently you have no idea how kind-hearted we are. You should see us in the summer stroking flies.

R. B. (London, W.).—What on earth do you mean by asking us to "make up the murder of a jockey"? In any case it sounds a most ill-mannered suggestion.

B. A. (Cheriton).—Seems hard lines, certainly, if you were fined £1 simply for "standing on the footpath," although probably in legal parlance you were "creating an obstruction." Perhaps, also, you were rude to the policeman.

LOST.—Will the finder of a brown leather wallet, lost in the neighbourhood of Cheshunt and Waltham Cross, on the 15th instant, containing treasury notes and several documents useless to anyone but the owner, kindly communicate with this Office, when a reward will be paid.

"NOWTRAN" (Amersham).—It is certainly news to us that the new Lord Chief Justice is "an American Irishman." As a matter of fact, he was born in Lancashire under a lucky star.

"FIFTY-TWO."—"I visited my home town the other day and found it sadly different from what it was when I left it as a boy." Evidently you didn't realise the risk the place ran when you left it.

A. E. M. (Liverpool).—"I am continually adding to my sweethearts." Most interesting, no doubt, but if you intend to keep it up you had better emigrate to Salt Lake City.

"A BOB BET."—"Is it true that peacocks do not lay eggs?" It is, although we believe peahens do if they are suitably encouraged.

M. T. S. (Weston-under-Penyard).—"How do you reconcile Shakespeare's phrase 'Come the three corners of the world in arms' with the fact that the world is round?" Presumably the fourth corner is the one where we stand ourselves.

W. SINNOCK (24, Sellons Avenue, Harlesden) states that any one who would like a photo of H.M.S. *Vindictive* after she was raised in Ostend Harbour can obtain one from him free of charge.

D. V. (Hanley).—If your brother left more in his will to "a strange girl" than he left to you, it may be that he owed her an awful lot.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Your Life and Home protected against Fire FREE. See page 20.

That CORN!

Is it Coming Back?

If you merely cut the top OFF it certainly will. The business end is the root. You must get it OUT.

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

Also it hurts and the root just sprouts right up again, so your corn soon has a brand new top on it bigger and more painful than ever. The top is only dead skin anyway. Get at the little pointed part or core that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. **A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water, will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap.** Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound or so is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

The Graves Service of Stainless Cutlery and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer that has ever been made.

DELIVERED Carriage Paid to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are not all disappointed.

7/6 with order

The KNIVES are of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel with beautifully grained Ivorine handles. Clever blade of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel. No hard, curved, Pointed Spoons are Cutlerine Silver which bears a polish indistinguishable from sterling silver. White all through. Looks a fortune.

Service Comprises:

1 pr Carvers	6 Table Spns
6 Tea Knvs	1 Jam Spoon
6 Table Fks	1 Salt Spoon
6 Dessert Knvs	1 Sugar Spn
6 Dessert Fks	1 pr Sugar Tgs
6 Dsrt Spns	Price
6 Tea Spns	without case
6 Egg Spns	90/-

CATALOGUE of famous Sheffield Cutlery (Skeleton Specialities &c.) Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

CLARNICO

CLARNICO RIDDLES, No. 5

What will make the human race?

THE NOTICE - CLARNICO CARAMELS SOLD HERE

Nearly every confectioner sells CLARNICO CARAMELS, but if the first one you go to does not, try somewhere else. Don't be put off. Ask gently, but firmly for CLARNICO CARAMELS.

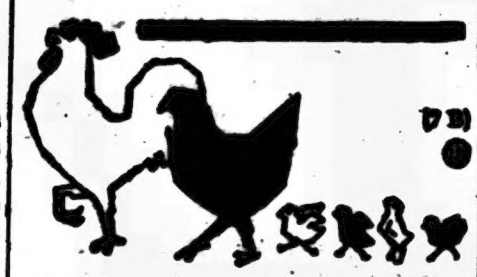
Prices again Reduced—Quality fully maintained.

Clarnico Cream Caramels - - 7d. ½-lb.
Clarnico Lily Caramels (with almonds) 8d. ½-lb.
Clarnico Chocolate-Lily Caramels - 9d. ½-lb.

Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling; also loose by weight.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

CLARNICO



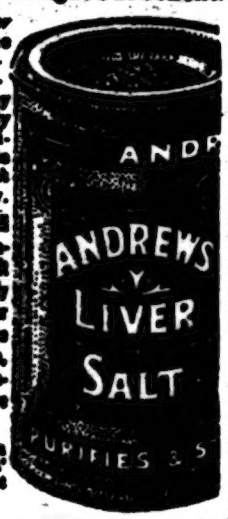
All the family, old *and* young

—can use Andrews' with benefit to their health. It is *so pleasant* that children like it; *so kind* that the aged can use it daily with naught but benefit.

Andrews' is a *preserver* of the *family* health—the Nation's Health Safeguard! In thousands upon thousands of healthy homes, it is kept handy *always*—in timely readiness to correct the little ills as they arise in *each* member of the family.

The Andrews' way of keeping well is simple: take or give a teaspoonful of Andrews' Liver Salt in a glass of water, in the early morning preferably, whenever there's doubt before the need for it. Being an Andrews' regularly and consequently, sound health are quickly noticed.

Be warned against the Tin which looks like Andrews' but is not. Take care to get the *genuine*.



10d. *USUAL (6-oz.) SIZE.* *FAMILY (8-oz.) SIZE* **1/5**

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to: SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-upon-TYNE.

Save your Andrews' Lids

Up to April 15th, you can exchange Lids from 12 tins of 8 ozs. size for the Andrews' combined Tooth Brush, Lid-opener, etc.; or for the Andrews' Nickel-plated Pencil Case complete with re-fills); or for the Andrews' Style Fountain Pen.

Send Lids with your name and address distinctly written, so as to leave April 15th next, indicating which of the Gifts you need, to Scott & Turner, Ltd., Gallowgate, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

NEURALGIA

There is nothing which drives away Neuralgic pain so quickly as Dr. Bengue's Balsam. You have only to apply a little Dr. Bengue's Balsam to the affected part and the pain promptly disappears.

Mr. L. V. T., of Horfield, writes:—"The way your Balsam relieved and ultimately cured me from a sharp attack of Neuralgia was wonderful."

D'BENGUES
Stamps the Fever
BALSAM

The great remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuralgia.

Of all Chemists, price 2/- and 3/-.

Dr. BENGUE & Co., Manufacturing Chemists, 52d, Charlotte St., Oxford St., LONDON, W.1.

See the name on the Packet

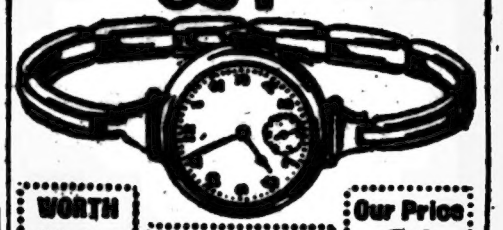
Shrivelled dusty seeds are the enemy of song. To get Spratt's means to get only carefully selected, cleaned and blended seeds costing no more than poor kinds, but making a vast difference to your bird's health and song.

SPRATT'S MIXED Bird Seed

AND PARROT FOOD—SOLD ONLY IN PACKETS.

SPECIAL OFFER

OF 410 SOLID SILVER WRIST WATCHES TO "John Bull" READERS SOLD UNDER "John Bull" GUARANTEE AT £1 ONLY



WORTH £3 3 0 | Gent's Size same Price | Our Price £1

Originally made for an order from Paris, no expense was spared to produce a watch which would sell readily at £3 3 0. We consider that we have been very fortunate to secure these superb watches on such terms that we can now offer them to "John Bull" readers at a pound sterling.

Read the Description of these Splendid Watches.

Ladies' Solid Silver Hall-marked Wristlet Watch, complete with Expanding Bracelet. They are small and very Dainty. Neat dial and figures fitted with the highest grade jewelled bar movement, perfectly accurate timekeepers and fully warranted for 5 years.

SPECIAL OFFER.

As this stock is strictly limited, those who do not wish to pay in full at once may have one reserved on receipt of 2/6 only. The balance may then be paid as desired.

Send NOW. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Send Treasury Note, Postal Order, or Cheque to-day. Watch will be sent by return. If not satisfied, Money will be returned in full, together with 1/- to cover your expenses.

THE FARRINGDON SUPPLY CO.

(Dept. 10A), 295, Sandycombe Road, Richmond, London, S.W.

Get your FREE BOTTLE

A bottle of the wonderful "ODDS ON" household liniment is ready to be sent to you. Write your name and address on a postcard, post it now, and in two days you will be able to test for yourself the really wonderful virtues of "ODDS ON" Oils. "ODDS ON" Pure Oil Liniment is indispensable—it is useful in so many ways—it acts like magic! It has given marvellous relief to thousands upon thousands of sufferers from

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Earache, Neuritis, Chest Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Sprains, Burns, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, etc.

Doctors recommend "ODDS ON"—It has proved itself so wonderful a remover of pain that we want EVERY single home in the country to have "ODDS ON" always handy. If you have tried other so-called remedies without success, then we will welcome all the more your request for the FREE bottle of "ODDS ON."

Post Your Card Now!

All Chemists and Stores 1/3 and 2/-

"ODDS ON" LINIMENT

Testimonial.

"I had been laid up with Neuritis in my foot for 4 months. Since using your "ODDS ON" Liniment I can now walk about with comfort."

THE "ODDS ON" SPECIFICS Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.) 36 & 37 COCK LANE, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase; if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

5 PRIZES of £250 EACH

5 PRIZES of £25 EACH | 5 PRIZES of £10 EACH

10 Prizes of £2-10/- EACH | 25 Prizes of £1 EACH | 100 Prizes of 5/- EACH

1,000 Prizes of 2/6 EACH | 2,000 POPULAR NOVELS | 3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Forty examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet:—WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 442.

LLOYD GEORGE'S SLOGAN	BREAD OF IDLENESS	DE VALERA	SWINGING THE AXE
GOVERNMENT CHANGES	IF I WERE RICH	WORK	NEIGHBOUR'S GRAMOPHONE
WHEN ELECTION COMES	ALL EMBRACING	IN PAWN	TRUE TO NATURE
MERRIE ENGLAND	IN FREE STATE	FAKED	POCKET MONEY
THE NEXT BUDGET	BEAUTIFUL BABY	MR. BALFOUR	COMING TO GRIEF
MAKING US BARGE	ONE MAN SHOW	BETTING	CAPABLE OF ANYTHING
CULLING THE PUBLIC	DECEIVES NOBODY	OUR TRADE	WHEN COURTING
WE WON'T VOTE FOR	MIXTURE AS BEFORE	CONJURING	HOLDING THE KEY
SHOULD BE BOYCOTTED	CROSS COUNTRY	FLAT SEASON	ROUND OUR NECKS
WHAT WE FEAR MOST	SOLDIER OF FORTUNE	HOLLOW SHAM	MUST COME SOON

Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

(442) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(442) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 442. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(442) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(442) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

BULLETS RULES | 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 440th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mrs. E. F. MILLER,
36, Audley Gardens,
Seven Kings, Essex.

Example:—OUR GIRLS.
Bullet:—SEEKING "VARIETY," FIND "DRAMA."
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Miss S. M. Coles,
18a, De Winton Street, Tonypandy, Glam.
Example:—WHEN ON HONEYMOON.
Bullet:—WHERE "ADVERTISING" DOESN'T PAY.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

ALISON JENKINS,
The Maltings, London Colney, near St. Albans.
Example:—THE OTHER SIDE.
Bullet:—OF WALL, SUPPLEMENTS DUSTBIN.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

W. J. HARRIS, 12, Stapleton Road, Portsmouth:
NOT OFTEN MET—"DUCK" OBJECTING TO "SPLASH."

A. SAUNDERS, 60, Wise Road, Stratford, E.15:
LOOKS INNOCENT—ADVERTISER'S "DISABLED MAN PREFERRED."

Miss C. BLACK, 33, Carnot Street, Leeman Road, York:
NICE AND WARM—YOUNGER'S MAKING PREMIER'S GRUEL.

C. BAYLISS, 13, Rupertswood Terrace, Ilfracombe:
INSIDE AND OUTSIDE—"FAIR CHARGE" IMPROVES FOOTBALL.

H. R. HADDON, R.R.A., H.M.S. "Assistance," c.o. G.P.O., London.
GAS—VARIES ACCORDING TO "CONSTITUENTS."

S. WADAMS, Duffield, Derby:
SEX EQUALITY—IN CINEMA SALARIES ANYHOW.

W. AUSTIN, 1, Victoria Street, High Wycombe:
IN UTAH—THE WORLD'S "SUPERFLUOUS MEN."

F. G. COUSINS, Brooklands, Cheddon Road, Taunton:
A GOOD LIE—FROM EACH—PERPLEXES ELECTOR.

J. WHITE, 17, Bishopsthorpe Road, Sydenham, S.E.26:
BANKRUPT—NATIONS USUALLY AFFORD ARMIES.

R. G. POWELL, 612, Green Lanes, Harringay, N.:
NOWHERE—SQUARED PLAYER'S PENALTY KICK.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Miss V. MAY, c.o. Howell, Miltoncombe, near Yelverton, Devon:
NICE AND WARM—"CABIN-BOY" THINKS "CAPTAIN'S BUNK."

JAMES EVANS, "Grapes" Hotel, Underbank, Stockport:
BED OF ROSES—"FLOWER OF MANHOOD" SCORNS.

W. CORRIN, Castletown Road, Braddan, Isle of Man:
BANKRUPT—WOULDN'T STOP WINSTON GAMBLING.

J. CARTLIDGE, Orchard Lane, Wales, Sheffield:
ALL THE SAME—GRAMOPHONE'S MILITARY BANDS.

T. H. FRANCIS, Eaglesfield House, Abbey Street, Carlisle:
BAD JOB IF—"PRUNED" DEPARTMENTS "SPROUT" AGAIN.

L. KIRK, 29, Dovecot Street, Stockton-on-Tees:
THE OTHER SIDE—ISN'T VIEW IRISHMAN TAKES.

W. WALKER, Cheapside, Morley, Yorks:
GILDING THE PILL—RESPONSIBLE FOR CROWDED STEERAGES.

J. A. STUART, 23, Christchurch Avenue, Kilburn, N.W.:
PRETTY COOL—NOT THE PREMIER'S "IRONS."

F. W. FOX, 24, The Downs, Altrincham, Cheshire:
A HERO—WORD KINEMA MADE MEANINGLESS.

D'ORTON WHITEHEAD, 162, Porter Road, Derby:
LOOKS INNOCENT—RAILWAY TICKET—SEE BACK.

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to.....	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye.....	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

March 25, 1922.....

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to:—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Home Address .....

March 25, 1922.....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5 each will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the five "Bullets" Prizes of £250 in Competition No. 442 purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 440 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of £5 Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ONE WEEK! EXCLUSIVE FOOTBALL PRIZE ONE WEEK!

£300 MUST BE WON

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £300 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £300 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £300 **MUST BE WON.**

BIG ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. This competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from this week's issue of JOHN BULL. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £300 (three hundred pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending in a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £300 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £300. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

How to Fill up Your Coupons.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, March 30th,** will be disqualified. Employees of the paper conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, APRIL 1st.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Blackburn R.	v.	Aston Villa			
Manchester U.	v.	Bolton W.			
W.Bromwich A.	v.	Burnley			
Birmingham	v.	Tottenham H.			
Coventry City	v.	Hull City			
Port Vale	v.	Fulham			
W'hampton W.	v.	Stoke			
Exeter City	v.	Bristol Rovers			
Merthyr Town	v.	Southampton			
Gillingham	v.	Aberdare A.			

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(24) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NEW PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 24, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 22 will appear in next week's issue.

THE

CITY LIFE

Assurance Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:

CITY LIFE HOUSE,

Old Jewry, London, E.C.2

Telephone: CITY 9543.

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000

Premium Income Exceeds £450,000

Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000

Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director.

LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Neurasthenia and Fainting Fits.

Depression, Gloom and Nervous Fears.
Ex-Soldier cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. J. Sweeney

Mr. John Sweeney, of 4, White Hall Court, Anderston, Glasgow, says:—

"I was three years in the Army, and at last got a bad wound and was finally discharged. When I came home I was in a very low, depressed state, neurasthenic in fact, always wanting to be alone and ready to jump at a sound. When I went out I used to think there was going to be a street accident every minute. It was an awful feeling, and I could not shake it off. Sometimes I went into a sort of fainting fit, unable to speak, and hardly knowing where I was, and at all times I was a bundle of nerves. Food I never wanted to touch, and I lost nearly a stone in weight. Sleeplessness was another trouble.

"I had to give up my work, and was at home six months. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I soon knew they were doing me good. I began to feel stronger and less nervous. I could sleep well and my appetite improved. From that time I got better daily, and in quite a little while was as well as ever."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Anæmia, Palpitation, Kidney Weakness, Children's Weakness, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Home Price, 3/-

1/3 the smaller size.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

That sombre cloud of anxiety may be nerves. Try Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Sole Proprietors: The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

Your Easter Gift from "John Bull"

THIS COUPON IS WORTH

1/-

TO YOU.

Our Easter Gift of a "JOHN BULL" Coupon, value One Shilling, which will be accepted in part payment of any of the "John Bull" Pens listed below, is proving tremendously popular. To be able to get a "John Bull" Pen at these reduced prices is an opportunity that should not be missed.

Prompt action is necessary, as this offer is available only until April 18th, 1922.

Cut out the coupon above and send it with your order to-day!

LIST OF MODELS

			With Gift Coupon.
No. 1	"STANDARD" MODEL. Thoroughly reliable.	Price 3/-	2 -
No. 2	"DE LUXE" MODEL. Superior Finish.	Price 4/6	3/3
No. 3	"SAFETY" MODEL. Disappearing Nib. Ideal for Travelling.	Price 7/-	6/-
No. 4	LEVER "SELF-FILLING" MODEL. Fitted with safety Screw Cap and extra heavy 14-ct. Gold Nib, Guaranteed for 10 years, and equal to pens sold at 21/6.	Price 8/9	7/9
No. 5	"STYLO" MODEL. The best obtainable.	Price 3/6	2/6

All "John Bull" pens are fitted with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nibs iridium-tipped, and are guaranteed.

Pocket Clip to fit any Model, 1d. Postage 2d. extra on each Pen.

NOTE.—Please state whether you prefer a fine, medium or broad nib.

This offer applies to readers in the British Isles only.

This Offer is available at any of the under-mentioned

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPOTS

LONDON:
19, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4.
265, STRAND, W.C.2.
382, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.
72, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.
1, CANNON STREET APPROACH, E.C.

PORTSMOUTH:
214, COMMERCIAL ROAD.

"J.B." Pens are equal in every respect to the very much higher priced pens so extensively advertised.

DO NOT DELAY—SEND COUPON TO-DAY.

Cut out the Coupon above and send it with your order to

The Manager, Pen Department,
"John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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